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Saturday Review

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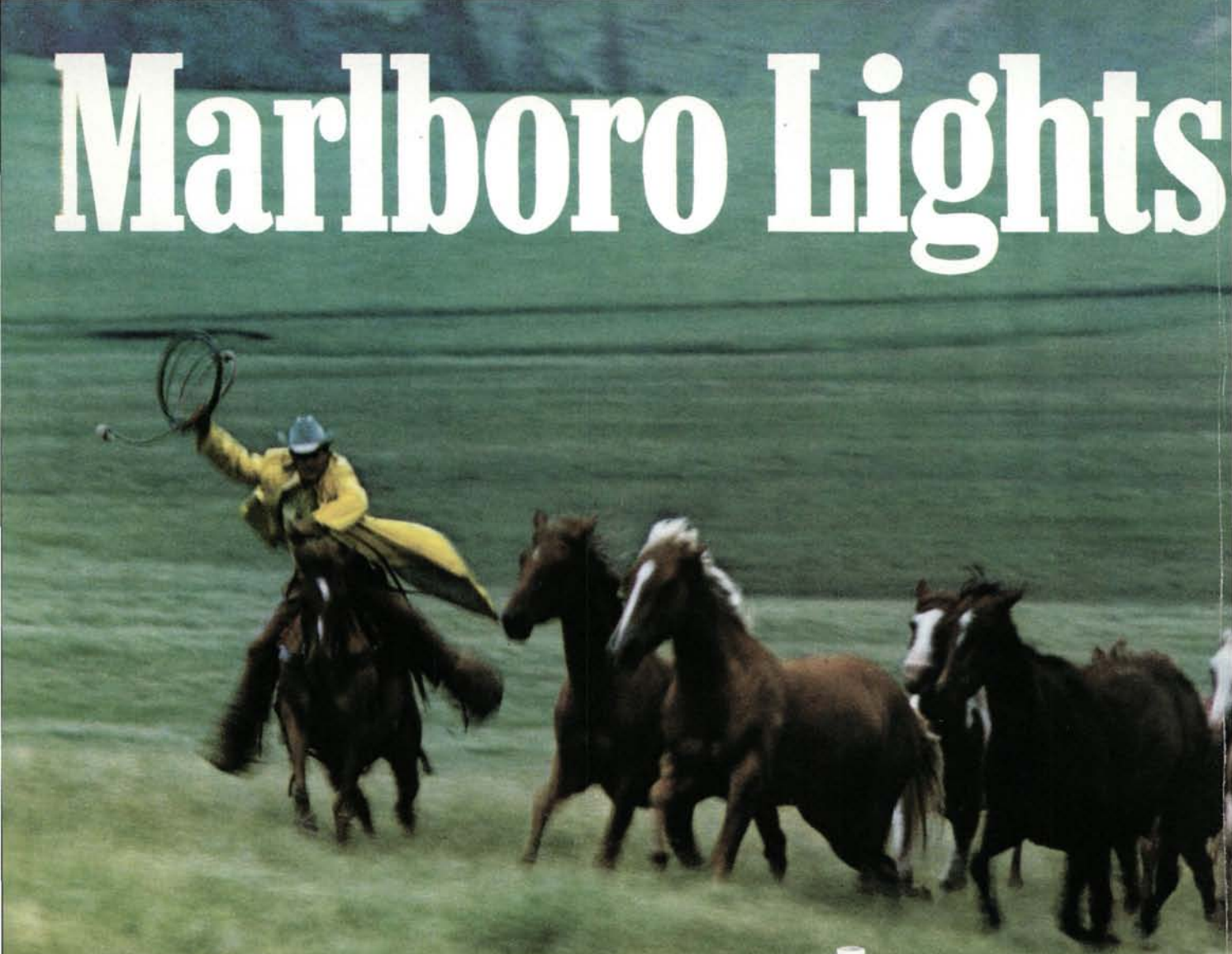

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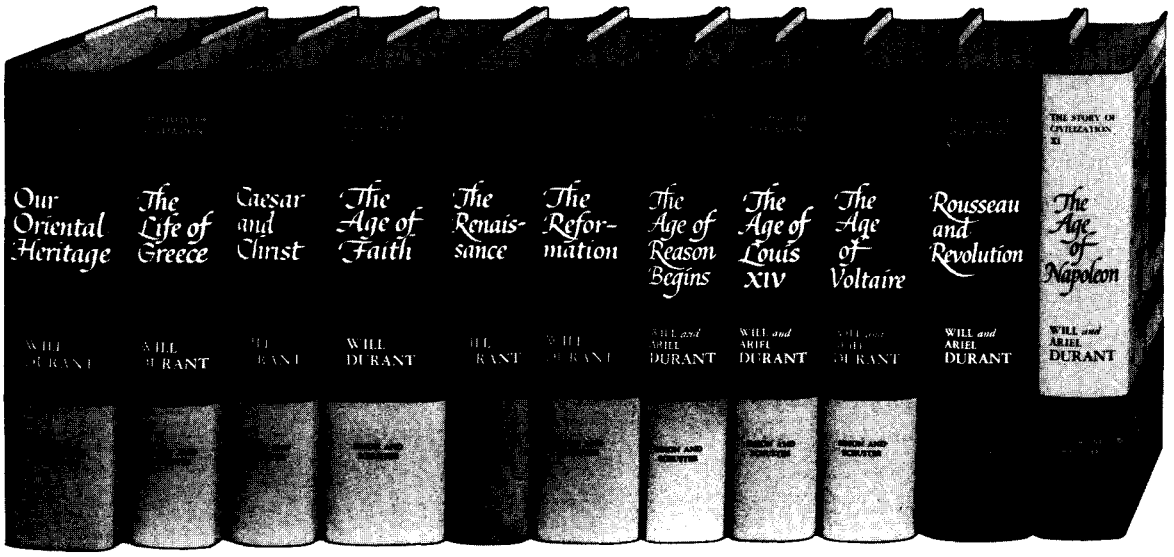

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A Fable For Now:

The Emperor's New Clause

Once upon a time there lived an Emperor who believed in only what he could tell through his senses, especially his sight. Perhaps this was because once upon a slightly earlier time he had disregarded his senses and so appeared completely unsuited to be a dandy leader.

In redress, he banned the abstract and immaterial. Truth and Beauty he ordered cloistered, Fair Play he locked up in the tower, and the Spirit of Brotherly Love he exiled to Philadelphia. Only Revenge he spared, stashed under his bed in case those swindling weavers should return.

Soon, every criminal was presumed guilty. "Behold my innocence," the accused would cry. "Nope, just can't see it," the Emperor would reply, nodding so his crown slid over his eyes onto his nose. "Out of sight!" his courtiers would cry.

None in the Empire really grieved, for though the Emperor banished Happiness, he also did away with Misery, and Hunger, and other such Evils. The Empire thus continued to thrive, until the day the Emperor banned Profits.

"Knave, what is this?" he thundered to the Royal Haberdasher. "In this new robe I see flax and weaving...yes, wonderfully opaque...and embroidery and tailoring, but what is this extra 'thirteen per centum' you would receive?"

"Just a bit of Profit, oh Potentate."

"Profit? Why?" demanded the Emperor. "You are keeping me warm, and thereby serving all that's good. A Profit on goodness is obscene."

"Out of sight," his retinue parroted in glee.

"Out of his mind," the Haberdasher thought, "calling it 'obscene' to earn a lousy thirteen per centum on everything I've put into the business. Is there to be no reward for my investment and labor?" He fled to a saner land.

The Emperor, however, was pleased at his latest coup, and added a No-Profit clause to all contracts. The news swept quickly through the Trades and Guilds. "Oh dear," the Royal Provisioner fretted, "if I am restricted just to my costs, where will I get the extra money to expand?" The Merchant of Venison thus realized he wouldn't be able to pay for a global voyage he had planned to seek more deer. "I'm afraid there'll be no herd shot 'round the world," he told the Explorer, who thereupon advised the Tinker to give up trying to build a better crossbow.

So it went. The Tinker reconciled himself to using his old, worn tools longer and canceled his order for new ones. The Blacksmith, in turn, shelved plans to rebuild his smithy to make it more efficient and productive, and sat down to brood beneath a chestnut tree (but that's another story). That eliminated work for the Builder, and thus for the Woodsman. And so the Emperor's nephew had no summer job chopping trees.

"What's that?" muttered His Highness on hearing the nephew would be idle. "Well, I'll just nationalize the woods, and have the Army cut the trees. I'll make my nephew a major."

"Wait!" said the Royal Vizier. "You cannot seize the forest for the trees. The Army has deserted. Some soldiers ran away when you ordered them to drain that fen of stagnant waters after there was no longer private money for the cleanup. Others fled when you took over that bankrupt colliery and made the soldiers scrub the coal by hand so it would burn clean. The rest left when they weren't paid."

"Not paid?" the mogul asked. "Why?"

"Because the Treasury is empty," said the adviser. "Money it lent to spur industrial development never came back because the borrowers could make no Profits to permit repayment. Less money came in because of no Profits to tax."

"No taxes?" said the ruler. "That's obscene."

"Worse yet," said the Vizier, "the whole economy is falling apart. Your ban on Profits crippled investment and invention, expansion and exploration. It precludes new jobs, and keeps old ones from being made more productive. In fact, you indirectly banned Prosperity itself!"

Well, of course the Emperor saw the error of his ways (else this would be a grim fairy tale) and retracted the ban. This time, at least, the bare facts meant a happy ending.

Moral: A profit is not without honor—something to remember at a time when America's economy needs more strength, more jobs, more investment, more productivity...and less inflation. Stronger corporate profits can help the U.S. reach all those goals. And that's no fable.

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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

A Clear Challenge

Carll Tucker's brilliant and realistic treatise, "Aching for War" [January 19], provides perspective on the serious problems of educating our young people.

As indignity upon indignity is perpetrated upon our people—and indeed upon the world community at large by some of its members—we in education find ourselves returning to thoughts of "gunboat diplomacy" juxtaposed against visions of cataclysmic destruction. These thoughts pose problems in terms of their influence on our work in the classroom.

The educational challenge is clear. We must help develop independent, creative, problem-solving adults who will be able to anticipate societal conditions better than we have done in the past.

Fred Baruchin
Superintendent of Schools
Springfield, New Jersey

Of Vitamins and Vitriol

I was very disturbed by the tenor of William Serrin's "Let Them Eat Junk: The Triumph of Food Processing" [February 2]. Mr. Serrin gives the impression that a conspiracy exists between the corporate boardroom and the laboratory to foist foods of negligible value on an unsuspecting and helpless public. One could almost visualize these unlikely partners chortling with glee as they removed vitamins, minerals, and other dietary essentials from the wholesome raw materials to produce the final innocuous pap for the public.

Nowhere is Mr. Serrin's bias more obvious than in his indictment of Pringles. Rather than praising the manufacturer for lowering the amount of salt present (this would certainly please the cardiologists), Serrin cites the salt taste on one side of the chip as an example of corporate ripoff.

Mendel Mazelis
Department of Food Science and Technology
University of California, Davis, California

I was shocked at your angry, vitriolic essays on the food business. I don't know what your Messrs. Serrin and Hess had in mind. Certainly neither piece was rational, objective, or at all constructive.

I'd expect to read material like this in the *Enquirer*.

Marvin Corwin
Beverly Hills, California

Respectfully Yours

As a 70-year-old retiree who has lived in Florida for over 13 years, I can only wonder how much time Rasa Gustaitis spent in the state outside of Broward County in preparation for writing "Old vs. Young in Florida: Preview of an Aging America" [February 16].

None of our many retired friends resemble the oldsters depicted in the article. Grandparents and their friends look forward to visits from their grandchildren. To become better acquainted with the compatibility between old and young, I invite Gustaitis to visit our community in central Florida. Retirement groups physically and financially assist the local youth organizations. Teenagers in our neighborhood help with yard work and are more than anxious to take care of property when senior citizens are away.

I would suggest that if some of the young feel persecuted by the old, it is probably the result of lack of parental guidance and motivation.

P. Freeman Heim
Ocala, Florida

The first paragraph of "Old vs. Young in Florida: Preview of an Aging America" set my teeth on edge. The "nice" boy who is "clean-cut" and "polite" but who takes a sadistic delight in frightening little old ladies needs to be taught some lessons in manners and respect for others. Assaults on helpless people over 60 can mean months or years of pain and discomfort, loss of the ability to look after oneself, or maybe even death. These crimes are heinous, not fun and games.

A society that is made up of warring factions is suicidal. We all need each other. Older people have knowledge and expertise from which young people can profit. And older people need the new ideas and strengths of the young. How stupid for those over 65 to isolate themselves or become antagonistic toward the young. And how shortsighted of Rasa Gustaitis to pass off as innocent teasing the intimidation of older people by a 14-year-old.

Naomi Wallace
Charlottesville, Virginia

Nonessential Reviewing

Alan Wolfe's diatribe on the Friedmans' *Free to Choose*, "Turning Economics to Dust" [February 2], was a review of nonessentials. It was analogous to talking about Tolstoy's theory of history in *War and Peace* without mentioning his plot or characterizations. *Free to Choose* is a popularization of Mr. Friedman's monetary theory and his views on the proper nature of government. Surely this is what the review should have addressed and not the existence of Kowloon City.

Lon Parmeter
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

CORRECTION: The projected price of the Love Bug quoted in Front Runners [March 1] should have been $40.

Please address letters for publication to Letters to the Editor, Saturday Review, *1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. We are unable to acknowledge or return unused letters.*

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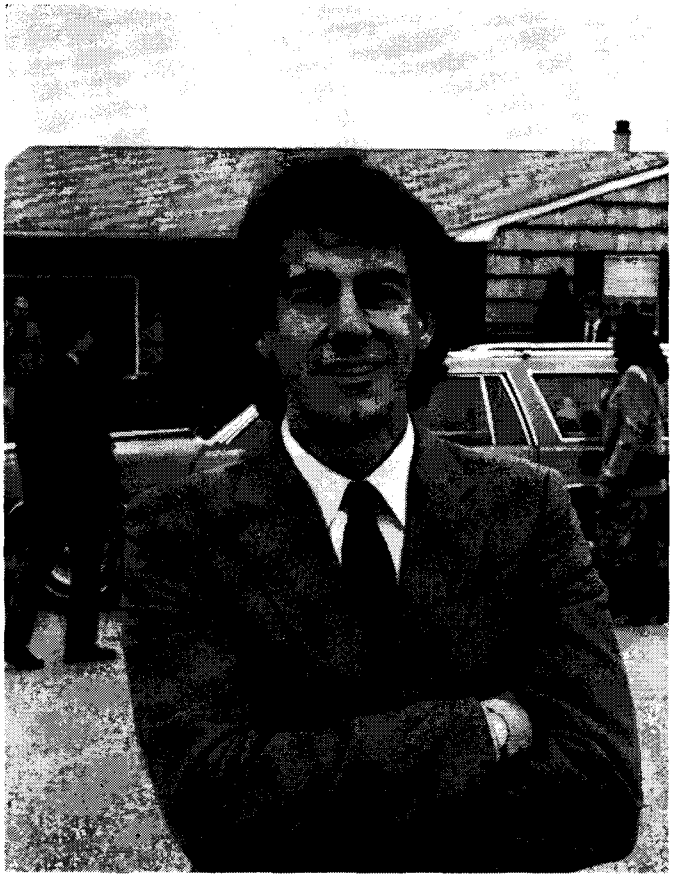

One of these men drives himself to work, drives himself home and drives up his cost of living.

He doesn't see it that way. He's been driving himself to the office every day for several years now. He actually enjoys the ride.

Problem is, with today's energy crisis, the man on the right is wasting both fuel and money. Gas prices alone make the trip expensive. And his auto insurance premium is higher than it has to be.

The man on the left has decided to conserve and save. When the gasoline shortage began, he and some neighbors started carpooling to work. So together they consume less gas. That cuts expenses right there. What's more, because each of them drives fewer miles, they save money on their auto insurance as well.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we're doing our best to help you keep your insurance rates affordable. That's why most auto insurers are offering discounts to those individuals who reduce the total number of miles or times they drive to work.

For example, people who normally drive 30 miles to and from work every day can save up to 22% on car insurance premiums just by carpooling. All they have to do is drive to work two days a week instead of five.

People who switch to public transportation to get to work save even more on their premiums—up to 31% in some states. Their car becomes classified "for pleasure use only," a less expensive category.

Here's what we're doing to control costs:

- Offering premium discounts to those who reduce the total number of miles they drive each week to work. Discounts will vary by company, by state and by the type of coverage you have.
- Cracking down on insurance fraud practices through the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute and the National Automobile Theft Bureau.
- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars and roads safer.
- Investigating injury and repair claims more thoroughly.

Here's what you can do:

- Cut down on your driving by carpooling or by using public transportation.
- Use your auto seat belt and shoulder harness.
- Talk to your insurance agent or company about ways to lower the cost of your auto insurance coverage.
- Lock your car. Don't invite trouble.

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FRONT RUNNERS

Pigeon Power

A hospital in Plymouth, England, has come up with its own answer to skyrocketing gas prices: pigeons. Instead of cars, the hospital now uses the birds to make deliveries. The pigeons carry blood samples for lab analysis to Devonport, several miles away, at a savings of thousands of gallons of gasoline a year, according to hospital authorities. What's more, the wingèd messengers get to Devonport about three times faster than routine road transportation. It has been reported, however, that local authorities have yet to institute a viable plan for dealing with the pigeons' toxic exhaust.

CHARLES WALLER

Like Father

There's a genetic storm brewing in America. Artificial insemination has been around since the 1860s, but effective large-scale use of the procedure has occurred only within the last 20 years. More than 6,000 children were artificially conceived last year. And that's cause for some worry, according to Dr. Paul Wexler, chief of obstetrics at Denver's Rose Medical Center. Sperm donors, he says, may be siring as many as 15 children each over a given three-year period. "If we have a donor who has been working three to five years for more than one physician there is a risk that his children may some day meet and marry," he said, thereby upping the risk of genetic disorders (remember hemophilia among the aristocracy?). The donor's offspring, he added, would probably be about the same age and from the same socio-economic group.

Most obstetricians, Wexler said, currently test donors for genetic defects or history of disease, but there is no formal policy anywhere in the United States. To remedy the situation he suggests guidelines requiring that both the woman and the donor be tested for genetic abnormalities, that records be kept on the donors, that follow-ups be done on the infants born, and that sperm donations per donor be limited. Otherwise, by the year 2000 someone may replace George Washington as the father of our country.

High Interest Loans

Spanking doesn't pay—that's the lesson learned by David Rhodes, a former bank manager, who used to take a paddle to delinquent loan customers. Over a 14-year period, Rhodes, 38 and the father of two, estimated that he spanked more than 50 tardy borrowers. "I never had any trouble with them afterwards" he said.

Well, not quite. What began as a joke turned out to be no laughing matter. Six of the spankees threatened to report him to his superiors at Pennsylvania's Century National Bank if he didn't give them more money. The blackmailed Rhodes found himself making eight unrecorded loans totaling $88,268. Last August auditors discovered the scheme.

He was promptly arrested by the FBI, and a Pennsylvania judge recently sentenced him to a three-year prison term for misappropriating bank funds.

Submissions

SR *will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. Please send to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019*

He's Not Here

A few years ago, a study found that more than 98 percent of all Americans believed in God. No one knows for sure whether the figure still holds, but one possible indication that it does not comes from Chicago. There, in the heart of the Midwest, Dial-an-Atheist is outdrawing its Christian counterpart, Dial-a-Prayer, by three to one. The new telephone service—sponsored by the northern Illinois chapter of Madalyn Murray O'Hair's American Atheists organization—receives an average of 300 calls a day. Dial-a-Prayer, sponsored since 1970 by a local Lutheran church, averages a mere 100.

And what do those dialing 597-2433 hear at the other end? One recent message told callers everything they've always wanted to know about atheists ("Atheists are positive. We work for solutions to human problems ... "); another outlined the difference between atheists and agnostics. If listeners want to talk back, they can do so at the end of the recorded spiel. Many people have used the 15-second spot to tell atheists where they can go.

The popularity of the service for infidels should be kept in perspective, however. Illinois Ma Bell reports that on the average, 161,000 people dial for the time of day, 105,000 for weather information, and 44,000 for the sports results.

Panhandler Resartus

Not the suit but the tie makes the man. Or if not the man, then at least a few bucks. As reported in *TWA Ambassador* magazine, syndicated fashion columnist John Malloy took a post in New York's Grand Central Terminal and began begging for train fare. For his first hour of panhandling (or "popping coins" as it's called on the street), Malloy dressed in a three-piece suit, white shirt, polished shoes—but no tie. Approaching people with his hard-luck story, he asked for 75¢ for train fare; in 60 minutes he collected $7.23. The second hour, he told the same story, but this time he wore a tie. His take was $26, plus two offers of extra money.

Who said you shouldn't tie one on?

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While this recording is enrapturing and delightful throughout, the first work, CANON IN D MAJOR, is so mesmerizing that hearers are overcome. Your writer was so hypnotized that I spent well over an hour repeating the first work before I even bothered to go to the others when I first listened to the record!

But the other works are transporting as well. The performance of the orchestra could not possibly be excelled and the trumpet playing is so spectacular that it is, in a word, breathtaking!

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SINFONIA in G Major; SINFONIA in A Major
Maurice ANDRÉ, Trumpet
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EDITORIAL

Pulling Back From the Brink

ONE READS ABOUT SOVIET TANKS in Afghanistan and about the threats of U.S. military reprisal and wonders whether anyone has heard of thermonuclear weapons. If a military showdown takes place, the people of Afghanistan will not be saved. Neither will the human race.

The advent of nuclear weapons in 1945, with the bombing of Hiroshima, converted warfare into a potential arena of mutual holocaust. People realized that nations had a mandate not just to avoid war but to avoid all those actions that might lead to war. The new weapons underscored the need for the development of a world order capable of regulating the conduct of nations.

Several statesmen made pronouncements that showed their awareness of these new imperatives. President Eisenhower called for institutions of world law to bring weapons of mass destruction under international control. President Kennedy declared that the United States would never be the first to use nuclear weapons in a new war and that the challenge before all governments was to put an end to the arms race before the arms race put an end to the human race. President Johnson, President Nixon, and President Ford all urgently advocated agreements with the Soviet Union that could halt the spiraling competition in nuclear arms.

These declarations, however, were unaccompanied by specific steps in the direction of a genuine world order. Every time smaller nations, such as the Philippines, sought to invest the United Nations with effective powers of law, both the U.S. and the USSR stood in their way. Indeed, the U.S. over the years consistently has blocked strengthening measures that might have enabled the United Nations to intervene effectively in the present situation in Iran.

The Soviet Union has not hesitated to act with force in Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia whenever the liberation movements in those countries gained significant momentum. And, while many Americans dislike having their country criticized alongside the Soviet Union, the fact remains that our involvement in the Vietnam War was totally at odds with the need to fashion durable institutions that could maintain world peace.

Now we have the spectacle of Soviet armed forces in Afghanistan. The obvious reason behind the action was the determination of the Soviet Union to maintain total political and geographical control of its perimeter. The equally obvious result was the destabilization of the entire area and the setting of a stage for possible world war.

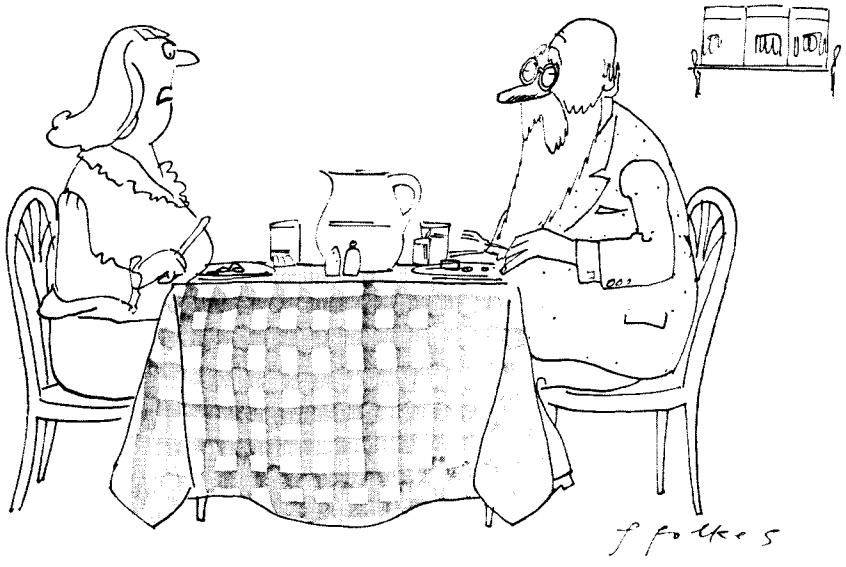
The response of the U.S., however heroic, does not reflect the new realities. In the 1930s, President Carter's position might have represented a valiant and courageous acceptance of our responsibility and readiness to prevent aggression. But the 1930s were a thousand years ago. Today, when the U.S. and the Soviet Union threaten military action against each other, what they are actually doing is threatening to march off the cliff together.

Some advocates of a military showdown tend to regard any talk of restraint on our part as a dangerous indication of weakness. They contend that nuclear war would be far less devastating than is supposed. Edward Teller, the scientist who enjoys primary credit in the U.S. for the hydrogen bomb, has asserted that it is a mistake to suppose that no one could win a nuclear war. He points to previous wars to show that nations are capable of recovery. The most obvious examples of such rehabilitation are Germany and Japan after World War II. What Dr. Teller overlooks is that the United States was primarily responsible for the revival of Germany and Japan. Who will step forward after a general nuclear conflagration to help rebuild the U.S. or any other destroyed nation? The truth is that no one, not Dr. Teller or anyone else, is in a position to set or predict limits to a nuclear war. Can anyone imagine that, in a struggle for survival, the United States or the Soviet Union would hold back a single nuclear explosive once the atomic shooting starts?

People may ask, then, what we are to do now that we have painted ourselves into a nuclear corner. The melancholy answer is that given the circumstances, we are reduced to hoping that enough sanity may be left to keep the current crisis from becoming a total eruption. One thing we can do is to learn from the present impasse. If somehow the world can be pulled back from the nuclear brink this time, we should recognize that the creation of a workable world order is a matter of both national and world survival. Let us define once and for all the fundamental issue before the world today. That issue is whether the behavior of nations can be regulated in the human interest.

The clear meaning of the cataclysmic power in our hands and in the hands of others is that unfettered national sovereignty is the enemy of the human race and must be replaced with world law. If the lesson is not learned, our national insecurity will grow in direct proportion to the size of our nuclear stockpiles.

—N.C.



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RPALA7

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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

The Taxing of Philoctetes

I TOOK THE TRAIN the other day to pay a visit to Graham Greene, a British novelist of 75 who lives on the same blue coast as myself. My left leg has become, for a variety of reasons having to do with senescence, practically useless, so I had to get up in the middle of the night in order to give myself enough time to crawl up the hill to the station and catch the dawn train. My wife had gone into the Hôpital Princesse Grace the night before with a left leg broken on the black *piste* at Cortina. When she comes out, there will be two useless left legs in the family. If she had only broken the right leg we could have gone around the streets like a three-legged race. However. Monte-Carlo, Cap d'Ail, Eze, Beaulieu-sur-Mer, Villefranche, Nice, St.-Laurent-du-Var, Cros-de-Cagnes, Cagnes-sur-Mer, Villeneuve-Loubet, Biot—stations of the cross to Antibes. Arriving at Antibes I decided not to tell Greene about the two useless left legs in case he wanted to make a short story out of them.

Passing Cap d'Ail I thought of William Somerset Maugham and the Villa Mauresque with butler, chatelaine, and first-class chef. Taking the elevator to Greene's apartment I thought how the Côte d'Azur expatriate writer's situation has changed since poor, or rich, Willie's day. For Greene, who has made a lot of money in his time out of writing, is living in a handful of small rooms with a tiny veranda facing the noise of the Antibes waterfront traffic. Willie Maugham never traveled without a suitcase containing $5,000 in C-notes. He rang for his chauffeur. His secretary made his luxury-liner bookings. Now it's a matter of hiring a local car and sending a Dictaphone roll to a secretarial agency.

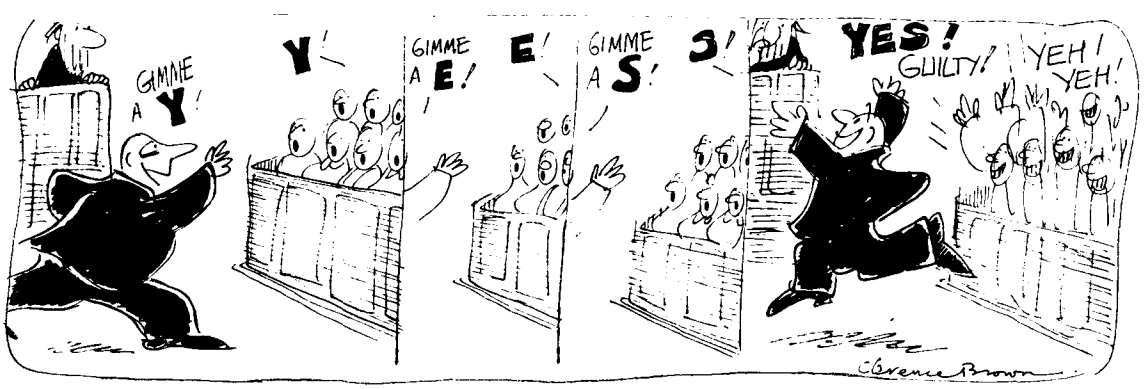
There are still rewards available to the popular fiction writer, but all the holes in the tax net have been sewn up. It is strange that film stars are permitted to make money but writers are expected to be satisfied with art. I never knew a bus driver or factory operative yet who begrudged Elizabeth Taylor her millions and husbands. But it is somehow indecent for a writer to have his work multiplicated to three million copies and get his cut from every copy. He is not cheating anybody. And yet it was Winston Churchill, himself a sort of writer, who, when chancellor of the exchequer, tried to get some of Maugham's thousands out of Cap d'Ail and into the British treasury. He found indecency in literary affluence, and chancellors of the exchequer—and their American and European equivalents—have gone on finding it ever since.

But, you will ask, why do writers live abroad if it is not to evade the tax man? I asked Graham Greene why he lived in France. He had already told an Italian interviewer that it was for the *"vini straordinarii della Francia,"* but that was not the real reason. In fact, I'm damned if I know what the real reason is, but it probably has something to do with the need to be lonely. Philoctetes, whom Edmund Wilson made a symbol of the artist, was shoved on a remote island by fellow Greek warriors because of the stench of his festering wound.

Writing is a hopeless attempt to heal the festering wound of the soul. If you're going to use English as a creative medium, you'd better get away from where English is spoken as a medium of the marketplace: Surrounded by native English, you'll be seduced by the ephemeral in it rather than the permanent. Or perhaps Anglo-Saxon writers go to the Mediterranean because literature, if not taken all that seriously there, is still not a completely despicable trade, as it tends to be in Anglo-America.

Perhaps, for an English writer writing abroad, the appeal of exile is the glamour of deprivation. I had a bad lunch with Greene, because my left leg forbade our walking to a decent restaurant. There is nothing in the world worse than a bad French restaurant meal. The vulgarity that Escoffier found in the *haute cuisine* is still alive in the overfloured sauces, the Chantilly on the ice cream. Greene and I talked about what we missed, and decided it was English beer and English sausages. Americans may laugh, fed on the illusion that English beer is flat and tepid gnat-urine. Americans were brought up on lager, not genuine ale served at room temperature, unpolluted by pressurized froth. English sausages have bread and herbs in them and no garlic. Heaven for an exiled Englishman is a bar counter in a lunchtime pub, a pint of bitter, and a couple of sausages with Coleman's mustard. A visit to England means mainly that.

One book I recommended to Greene, a novel I have recently reread for the sixth time, is Herman Wouk's *Youngblood Hawke*. I don't know why Wouk is not accorded the reverence showered on far less professional writers. I don't think *The Caine Mutiny* is inferior to, say, *From Here to Eternity* or even *The Naked and the Dead*. *Youngblood Hawke* is the only fiction I know that tells the truth about the financial side of writing fiction. It demonstrates how the more an author best-sells, the more in debt to the treasury he becomes. The eponymous hero, who, of course, like most American novelists and poets, dies young, is driven to death by taxes. It is a great and tragic subject for art, but not one the nonwriter is likely to take seriously. And yet all the writer asks from life is to be able to get out of people's way in order to write and dream about unobtainable beer and sausages. They weren't unobtainable in the days of Willie Maugham, last of the literary tycoons. He probably had pig-slaughterers at work deep in the grounds of the Villa Mauresque and a private brewery hidden somewhere among the forest of oak trees.



—Anthony Burgess

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Too Busy Earning a Living To Make Any Money?

You think you've got problems?

Well, I remember when a bank turned me down for a $200 loan. Now I lend money to the bank — Certificates of Deposit at $100,000 a crack.

I remember the day a car dealer got a little nervous because I was a couple of months behind in my payments — and repossessed my car. Now I own a Rolls Royce. I paid $43,000 for it — cash.

I remember the day my wife phoned me, crying, because the landlord had shown up at the house, demanding his rent — and we didn't have the money to pay it.

Now we own five homes. Two are on the ocean-front in California (I use one as my office). One is a lakefront "cabin" in Washington, (that's where we spend the whole summer — loafing, fishing, swimming, and sailing.) One is a condominium on a sunny beach in Mexico. And one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii — Maui.

Right now I could sell all this property, pay off the mortgages, — and — without touching any of my other investments — walk away with over $750,000 in cash. But I don't want to sell, because I don't think of my homes as "investments." I've got other real estate — and stocks, bonds, and cash in the bank — for that.

I remember when I lost my job. Because I was head over heels in debt, my lawyer told me the only thing I could do was declare bankruptcy. He was wrong. I paid off every dime.

Now, I have a million dollar line of credit; but I still don't have a job. Instead, I get up every weekday morning and decide whether I want to go to work or not. Sometimes I do — for 5 or 6 hours. But about half the time, I decide to read, go for a walk, sail my boat, swim, or ride my bike.

I know what it's like to be broke. And I know what it's like to have everything you want. And I know that you — like me — can *decide* which one it's going to be. It's really as easy as that. That's why I call it "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

So I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need: money. Ten dollars to be exact. Why? Because I want you to pay attention. And I figure that if you've got $10 invested, you'll look over what I send you and decide whether to send it back...or keep it. And I don't *want* you to keep it unless you agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested.

Is the material "worth" $10? No — if you think of it as paper and ink. But that's not what I'm selling. What I am selling is information. *More* information than I give when I'm paid $1000 as a guest speaker. *More* information than I give in a one-hour consultation for $300.

But you're really not risking *anything*. Because I won't cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material. That's the deal. Return it in 31 days — and I'll send back your check or money order — uncashed.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, if you really want to be on the safe side, post-date your check for a month from today — *plus 2 additional weeks.* That'll give you plenty of time to receive it, look it over, try it out.

I know what you're thinking: "He got rich telling people how to get rich." The truth is — and this is very important — the year before I shared "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," my net income was $216,646. And what I'll send you tells just how I made that kind of money...working a few hours a day...about 8 months out of the year.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." Remember I was up to my neck in debt when I started.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share. But I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better. I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that — nothing more, nothing less — the results will be hard to believe. Remember — I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again — I guarantee it.

I know you're skeptical. Well, here are some comments from other people. (Initials have been used to protect the writer's privacy. The originals are in my files.) I'm sure that, like you, these people didn't believe me either when they clipped the coupon. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their check for at least 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right.

And here's what they gained:

Made $16,901.92 first time out

"The third day I applied myself totally to what you had shown me. I made $16,901.92. That's great results for my first time out."

J.J.M., Watertown, N.Y.

'Getting everything we want'

"We can't keep this to ourselves anymore — you were right! We're on the road to getting all (everything) we want in this world! We sold the $17,000 home we had and got another one...It's worth $65,000..."

Mr. & Mrs. M.L.P., Del Rio, Texas

'I can't handle all the business'

"Last May...I was fired from my $60,000 a year job as president because business was so bad...I then started my own firm despite everyone's assertion that I was 'nuts.' Results:

1. Smallest month - $ 7,000 net!
2. Largest month - $31,000 net!
3. Average month - $19,000 net!

But where does the lazy come in? I can't handle all the business!"

R.B., Dallas, Texas

$260,000 in eleven months

"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life...One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership...I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."

B.F., Pascagoula, Miss.

'I'm a half-millionaire'

"Thanks to your method, I'm a half-millionaire...would you believe last year at this time I was a slave working for peanuts?"

G.C., Toronto, Canada

$7,000 in five days

"Last Monday I used what I learned on page 83 to make $7,000. It took me all week to do it, but that's not bad for five day's work."

M.D., Topeka, Kansas

Banking deposits from zero to thousands

"Since December, until the present time, I have built my business from zero up to where some days, my banking deposits are in excess of the thousands."

D.J.A., Westminister, Calif.

What I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers, and maybe everyone else you know.

I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you.

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older — or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

©Joe Karbo - 1979, 17105 South Pacific, Sunset Beach, Calif. 90742

PROOF!

Don't take my word for it. These are excerpts from articles in newspapers and magazines:

Time:
He only works half the year in his stunning office on California's Sunset Beach, and even when he's there he puts in short hours...In other words, Joe Karbo, 48, is the prototype for.. "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

Seattle Times:
Is it all honest? A man who has done business with him says Karbo's reputation is excellent, and that he has managed to conduct mutually beneficial deals with him with nothing but a handshake and an oral agreement.
Want to be rich? Take my advice and follow his.

Boston Herald-American:
The book has drawn hundreds of letters from persons who have profited by it...

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner:
An unpretentious millionaire, Joe Karbo of Huntington Harbor is a vibrant, living testimonial to his intellectual, pragmatic conviction.

Forbes:
After bouncing around show biz, advertising, and real estate, he made his fortune...Last year (1972) he made $250,000.

Money Making Opportunities:
Maybe Joe Karbo has the secret. Don't you think you owe it to yourself to find out what it is all about?...I just finished it — and I'm off on a vacation myself. Get the idea?

Money. Magazine:
Joe Karbo is Southern California's answer to Philip Roth. The difference, forgetting writing style, is that Joe does more than dwell on personal problems; he solves them...

The Boston Globe:
Jay Haws of Chico, Cal. said the pep talk...in "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches" has "changed my life," and upped his freelance graphic designer income from $2000 to $30,000 annually.
"I'm not rich yet," said Haws, "but I see the light at the end of the tunnel...It gave me the swift kick in the pants that I needed."

Long Beach Independent:
He's programmed the path to riches for the lazy man.

Sworn Statement:
"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."
Stuart A. Cogan

Bank Reference:
Home Bank
17010 Magnolia Avenue
Fountain Valley,
CA 92708

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 337-L
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for at least 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material — for *any* reason — within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

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The Female Patient
Heeded? Hustled? Healed?

by Susan Schiefelbein

DISCORD BETWEEN FEMINISTS and physicians has, in recent years, grown from a few sour notes into a cacophony of accusation. Women's groups charge that doctors care for male patients with cautious restraint but treat females cavalierly, even callously—overprescribing for them, overoperating on them, and being patronizing toward them. Doctors, for their part, counter with complaints that women frequently wheedle them for unnecessary prescriptions and switch physicians in an endless search of cures for complaints that are often emotional rather than physical. The phrase "avant-garde libber" has crept into the text of at least one respectable medical journal; feminists, in turn, have distributed literature that compares the typical physician to "the American businessman: repressed, compulsive, and more interested in money (and the disease process) than in people." The average female patient, in the meantime, has been caught in the middle, distracted and even confused by all the noise, knowing neither whom to believe nor where to turn.

The pettiness of some of the charges, and the emotionalism of most of them, do in fact muddle the issue, for sexism in medicine—to the degree that it exists—is linked to much more fundamental problems, ones that are deeply embedded in the individual subconscious as well as in American culture, that are far more difficult to identify and certainly more difficult to solve. The issue, in general, is built around the following factual scaffolding: The health-care industry, which annually accounts for $163 billion of the gross national product, is second only to defense in terms of its economic importance to the nation. Women are the consumers most dependent on its services: They manage the health care of their families; they visit physicians more often than men; they are given more than 60 percent of all prescriptions—and twice as many tranquilizer prescriptions as their male counterparts; and only they experience several operations that are particularly difficult psychologically or mutilating physically—such as hysterectomy, mastectomy, and caesarean section. This care, further, is rendered to women—some would say imposed on them—almost exclusively by men: About 90 percent of the nation's physicians are male.

And so the questions abound: Are women, as consumers, being exploited by a male-dominated industry? Can women, as patients, be sensitively treated by men who cannot identify with the problems of childbearing, female contraception, and the female reproductive tract? Have stereotypes and biases, myths and mysteries about the womb, crept from ancient Greek literature into the texts and journals of the 20th-century American physician? Do women, for their part, misunderstand the nature of their ills and overuse their doctors?

These questions are no longer being asked only by "avant-garde libbers" and their counter-combatants among the chauvinists. They are also on the minds of many responsible physicians and patients, legislators and lobbyists. These people have not been able to solve all the problems; but, in the process of pondering them, they have come a long way in educating themselves and in improving the education of future physicians. And they still have a long way to go.

Even a cursory survey of medical history shows that attitudes toward women's health are deeply rooted. The ancient Greeks, for example, held that the emotional problem we know as hysteria was a disorder peculiar to females; indeed, the word itself comes from the Greek, and literally translates as "belonging to the womb." One of the first English usages of the word, recorded in 1649, continued to reflect this idea; a "hysterical" was a concoction deemed efficacious for uterine disorders. Not until the 19th century did doctors decide men can be hysteric, though they contended—as some doctors do today—that women are more prone to the condition.

Many of the 19th-century treatments for emotional problems, as well as such minor female complaints as backaches and frustration, were crude and painful. According to historian Ann Douglas Wood, leeches were applied to the neck of the uterus. One British physician recommended that the creatures be counted after they had served their purpose so that none would be forgotten in the female orifice; some of them nevertheless tended to creep up into the cervical cavity. "I think I have scarcely ever seen more acute pain," the doctor wrote, "than that experienced under these circumstances."

Physicians of the era were a bit less primitive when it came to actual surgery. It was during the 19th century that physicians devised operations to remove ovarian cysts and fibroids. A gynecologist introduced the use of ether; and America's first successful hysterectomy was performed mid-century. Yet the ancient Greek notion that the uterus determined a woman's mental health still influenced medical men. According to historian G. Barker-Benfield, the operation most widely performed as a sexual remedy was the "female castration," or the removal of the ovaries. It was intended for "women deemed unfit to breed, or too rebellious to be tolerated," or who exhibited such symptoms as "troublesomeness, eating like a ploughman, masturbation, attempted suicide, erotic tendency, or persecution mania, simple cussedness, and dysmenorrhea (painful menstruation)." The "cured" woman was "tractable, orderly, industrious, and cleanly."

IN THIS AGE of miracle microsurgery, we have long since abandoned such primitive treatments. But have our attitudes progressed as well? Technology may metamorphose as it races into the future, yet bias tends to trudge onward, unchanged.

There are as many answers to that question as there are people who are asked it. The feminists and physicians who have addressed the issue, however, all focus on four major concerns: the charge that physicians do not take women's complaints seriously; the promiscuous drugging of the female population; accusations that women are subjected to excessive surgical procedures; and sexism—sometimes subtle, some-

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times shockingly blatant—in American medical education.

The assertion that physicians take female problems lightly is the most serious of the accusations; for all other aspects of women's health care are obviously determined by the degree of truth in this one point. Recent research has given some scientific backing to the contention. Drs. Karen Armitage and Lawrence Schneiderman, of the University of California in San Diego, reviewed the medical files of 52 men and 52 women, all of whom had sought treatment for one or more of five common complaints—among them, headache and low-back pain—from local doctors. The conclusion of the study: "Men received more extensive workups than women in all five of the complaints." The researchers suggested that "the data may bear out what many critics claim: Namely, that the physicians—who in this study were all male—tend to take illness more seriously in men than in women."

Even if one were justified in accepting this hypothesis as conclusion, and then extrapolating it to the rest of the nation, a crucial question would remain: *Why* would doctors treat women's complaints less seriously?

A number of people investigating the matter say that physicians think of women as malingerers. Gena Corea, in her comprehensive book *The Hidden Malpractice*, cites a study in which doctors were asked to describe "the typical complaining patient." Seventy-two percent spontaneously referred to a woman; only 4 percent referred to a man.

Those who try to explain such attitudes often point out that women visit physicians more frequently than men do, implying that women seek unnecessary care. Although at all ages men have higher death rates than women, females average about 25 percent more visits to doctors. According to Dr. Linda Fidell, of the psychology department of California State University, the frequency of physician visits averages out when sophisticated techniques are used to fit women's longer lifespans and childbearing-related visits into the equation. "It is nonetheless probably true," she says, "that women behave differently during the medical interview, presenting a greater number of symptoms with psychological impact."

According to Dr. William Barclay, the editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Academy* (*JAMA*), women may have been conditioned to behave this way. "The culture allows women to be more honest. In our society boys don't want to be thought of as 'sissies.' This may also be why men often wait to see a doctor beyond the point where prudent people would."

Other physicians, however, are impatient with such sociological explanations. "I'm intolerant of the 'female role,'" says Dr. Linda Lewis, a neurologist at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center. "People come in wanting sympathy, wanting a listener. A doctor should absolutely not be used in this way. Doctors are there to provide caring. Not listening."

Discussions of the "seriousness" of female ills inevitably gravitate toward an accusation greatly upsetting to feminists: Doctors, it is charged, often assume that women's illnesses are psychogenic—that they originate in the mind, not the body. One of the most extensive studies of this subject was undertaken by Drs. K. Jean Lennane and R. John Lennane, of New Zealand; their findings were published in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine* (*NEJM*). The Lennanes examined medical-journal and textbook discussions of four different conditions—dysmenorrhea, nausea of pregnancy, pain

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in labor, and infant problems such as colic. All four conditions, the physicians contended, are related to organic (physical) factors, yet the "therapeutic literature is characterized by an unscientific recourse to psychogenesis and an inadequate, even derisory, approach to their management."

There is a link, for example, between nausea of pregnancy and estrogen. Despite this organic explanation, a 1972 textbook describes the condition as "classified with neuroses ... it may indicate resentment, ambivalence, and inadequacy in women ill-prepared for motherhood." The stunned Lennanes protested that 88 percent of all pregnant women suffer nausea—a fearsome percentage to be classified as neurotic. They presented similar arguments for the other conditions, complaining that even colic was listed under "Psychological Disorders" of mothers. "Illogical and damaging beliefs," they wrote, "constitute prejudice, and in view of the fact that the majority of textbook authors are men, it is tempting to postulate an underlying sexual basis for this prejudice."

The Lennanes' contentions have not gone uncriticized. One of the physicians to attach a caveat to their studies is Dr. Franz Ingelfinger, the distinguished gastroenterologist who edited *NEJM* from 1967 to 1977—and who published the Lennanes' article. "On rereading the piece," he says, "I am struck by the Lennanes' implication that 'psychogenesis' is a derogatory label. The label of a pain doesn't matter; it's real pain to the patient and warrants as much care from a physician. To say dysmenorrhea is psychogenic is no more derogatory than to say high blood pressure is due to stress."

Medical-journal ads seem to carry the message "Shoot her up and shut her up with our product."

Barclay, of *JAMA*, underscores the point. "I think pain in women *is* more often psychogenic than organic." But he cautions against simply *assuming* that a pain is all in the mind: "An organic problem is sometimes overlooked—not often—but when it happens it's a tragedy. An error in judgment could cost a life. You'll live with it forever. You can't accumulate too many penalties or you're out of the game."

Whether physicians diagnose "too many" psychogenic ills has not yet been studied; it is well documented, however, that they treat a great many women with psychotropic drugs. At least two-thirds of the prescriptions for minor tranquilizers and other psychiatric drugs are written for women.

These statistics should be interpreted with caution. Does the fact that rates of alcoholism are higher in men, for example, shed any light on female tranquilizer use?

One conclusion, however, *is* warranted: The American female population is being sedated, and often unnecessarily so. Although a great many physicians claim that the women themselves demand these prescriptions—and that they will go elsewhere if they don't get the pills—one study showed that 84 percent of drug-using women in Canada reported that a physician had first recommended the particular drug to them. As for the small percentage of women who cajole physicians into giving them drugs: One would think that, with all his training, a doctor could pronounce the word "no."

Whatever a physician can be taught in medical school, however, he can be untaught by the drug companies. In 1978–79, the industry spent $3 billion advertising its products (almost three-quarters of the combined annual budgets of all medical schools in the United States).

And what are the lessons that drug ads hope to convey? According to Barbara Seaman, co-founder of the National Women's Health Network, "The ads [in medical journals] often seem to say: 'Get her off your back. Get her off her husband's back. Shoot her up and shut her up with our product.'"

One could argue that the ads have improved somewhat since the problem was first decried. In 1971, when Dr. Robert Seidenberg of the Upstate Hospital in Syracuse, New York, first wrote on the subject, he found ads so blatant that the sponsors would be driven out of town if they tried to print them today. He described one ad that pictured a husband trying to sleep as his wife, sitting up in bed, was obviously berating him. The headline indicated that the advertised medication would cure "the night squawks." "She has insomnia ..." the ad read, "so he's awake. Restless and irritable, she growls at her husband. How can this shrew be tamed?"

Ads are not quite so explicit now, but the illustrations of women still outnumber those of men in sedative advertisements. Another problem with current ads is that they invent new psychiatric conditions: If a woman dislikes housework, for example—she may be pictured as an anguished creature elbow-deep in soapsuds—she needs to be tranquilized.

The editors of medical journals are often the strongest critics of such advertisements. Barclay, who edits nine special journals published by the AMA, as well as *JAMA*, is especially disturbed by them: "Thumb through the ads," he insists, his voice suddenly pitched in intensity. "Note the women with the tortured looks on their faces, all pictured in full color." The commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), Jere Goyan, is also distressed by the abundant depiction of women in sedative advertisements and has declared equalization a main priority while he heads the FDA. "Men," he says, "are anxious too." But his agency, it turns out, has little authority regarding the matter. "Drug companies could show a woman made up as Dracula's mother," says one FDA employee, "and their ads could legally run as long as they didn't make false claims for their brands. Taste is not a consideration. The problem is an unfortunate product of the mentality of our advertising system. Maybe it's an unfortunate product of the mentality of our country."

The sedated, contented female—like the contented cow—is not the only hybrid created by the drugging of women. Dr. Sidney Wolfe, director of Ralph Nader's Public Citizen's Health Research Group, testified before Senator Edward Kennedy's subcommittee on the dangers of drugs related to the female reproductive system. Although eight years have passed since researchers found human evidence of cancer in "DES daughters" (the offspring of women treated with diethylstilbestral), 5,000 DES prescriptions were written in 1978 for *pregnancy tests*! Furthermore, Wolfe contends, the FDA has withdrawn approval of the use of progestins to prevent miscarriage. Yet 75,000 prescriptions for progestins were written for women expecting infants in 1978. "The prescribing of either progestins or estrogens in pregnant women is an open-and-shut case of malpractice for the doctor, and also for the drug companies," Wolfe testified. Worse, he said, the medical profession and drug companies both have lodged lawsuits in an attempt to block the FDA's efforts to inform women about the side effects of estrogen. The rationale is that such actions would interfere with the doctor-patient relationship. One wonders, of course, about the nature of a "reciprocal-trust" relationship based on the assumption that a woman is too stupid or too fragile to judge side effects for herself.

THE DOCTOR-PATIENT RELATIONSHIP may be even more severely strained when the topic shifts from drugs to surgery. News stories have discussed unnecessary surgery so often that the phrase "hip-pocket hysterectomy"—the operation that does more for the surgeon's wallet than for the woman's health—has entered the lay lexicon.

Most doctors do not believe that women are discriminated against in the operating room. Hospitals, they say, so strictly define indications for surgery, and so closely scrutinize tissue cultures after surgery is completed, that unnecessary operations are untolerated. (Nonetheless, one study showed that of the 16,000 physicians deemed unfit between 1971 and 1974, only 72 of them had their licenses revoked.)

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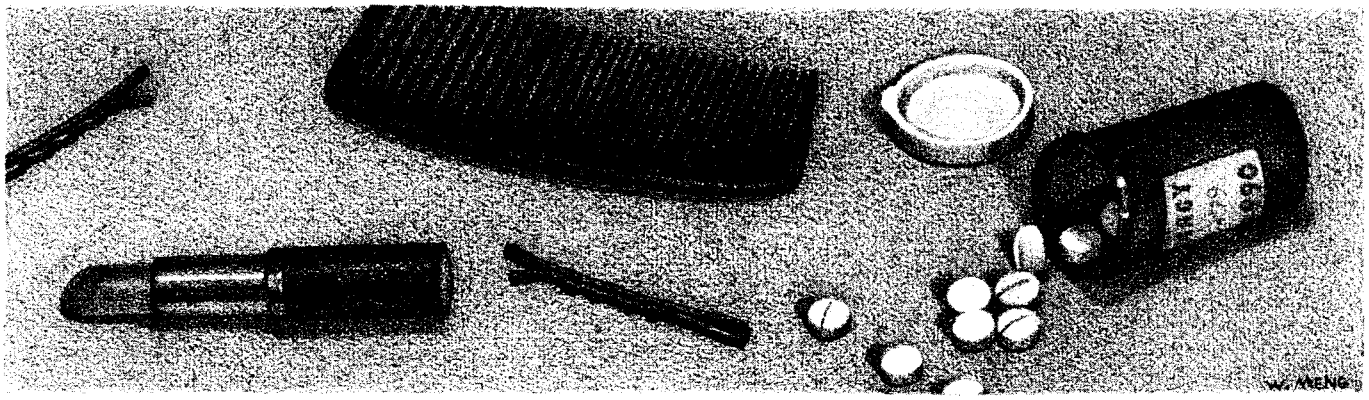

WENDY MENG

Physicians in positions of national leadership are especially distressed at the suggestion that hysterectomies are performed for prophylactic reasons—that is, to prevent future cancer. "Once a physician starts removing healthy tissue for fear of cancer, he's gone too far," maintains Ingelfinger. Contends Dr. Hoyt Gardner, president of the AMA, "It's nonsense. I don't know of any hospital that would stand for it."

Although shocking to those at the forefront of medicine, the idea of prophylactic hysterectomy apparently does not shock many in the operating room. Dr. Ralph Wright, a Connecticut gynecologist and an outspoken advocate of the procedure, has been widely quoted in obstetrics and gynecology journals. "When the patient has completed her family, total hysterectomy should be performed as a prophylactic procedure," he writes. "Under these circumstances, the uterus becomes a useless, bleeding, symptom-producing, potentially cancer-bearing organ and therefore should be removed." Other surgeons have recommended the procedure to alleviate the "drudgery of the menses," and still others because it is beneficial to the physician himself: "It decreases the frequency of unpleasant, humiliating pelvic exams and allows better utilization of health personnel, facilities, and time." A gynecology text suggests that "if menstruation can be abolished ... it would be a blessing to not only the woman but her husband."

As brazenly sexist as these comments may seem to some, a few facts are even more damning: The AMA itself has sponsored research showing that the hysterectomy, the most frequently performed surgical procedure in the country, is second on the list of operations most often performed unnecessarily (knee surgery is first). The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, further, has found that federal employees covered by Blue Cross (so that their doctors receive a fee for service) have hysterectomy rates 44 to 54 percent higher than those enrolled in a prepaid group health plan in which the physician is paid whether he operates or not.

The operation itself has indisputably saved lives and eased the suffering of women with painful disorders. It is not so benign a procedure, however, that it should be performed when unnecessary. The hormonal changes it causes may result in atherosclerotic heart disease; and even a 1 percent increase in this problem among women who have had hysterectomies would offset any potential gains against possible cancer. Another serious side effect is known as the "posthysterectomy syndrome"—depression. Hysterectomy patients have double the number of postoperative admissions to psychiatric hospitals as do patients who have undergone other kinds of surgery. Some physicians write off this phenomenon, saying that hysterics have an affection for gynecologic surgery (this is a contention published in 1978, not 1878). The patients studied, however, had a notable lack of prior psychiatric history.

Physicians have also been attacked by feminists for performing too many caesarean sections. The rates of C-sections have tripled and quadrupled in different parts of the country during the past decade; but the reasons have less to do with the physician's bias against women than with his bias for technology. The use of anesthesia during labor, for example, hinders the mother's expulsive efforts and may bring on the need for a caesarean section. Another explanation for the accelerating rates of the operation is the growing use of the fetal monitor, which tells the physician when the fetus is undergoing distress, such as an irregular heartbeat, and would be better off if spared a vaginal birth.

As sophisticated as the monitor may be, it presents problems. "The moment people monitor," says Franz Ingelfinger, "they discover not only abnormalities but border abnormalities. Should they operate or not? I think there is too much monitoring, but there is disagreement on the matter."

The mastectomy has provided the spark that has set afire another controversy. The argument, however, does not pit feminist against physician; the disagreement is between physicians themselves, and it appears that the outcome can only improve health care for women in America. A new procedure that is less disfiguring—a modified mastectomy coupled with radiotherapy—has resulted in survival rates that may be as good as those of the radical mastectomy when performed on patients in early stages of cancer.

There is widespread, sometimes even passionate, disagreement among physicians regarding the safety and promise of the procedure. "There is no dishonesty here," comments Barclay, whose journal has repeatedly run extensive reports on the efficacy of the two procedures. "The people who believe that the radical mastectomy is best, believe it fervently; they simply think that anything less puts the woman's life in danger." Ingelfinger agrees. "No one is blindly hacking away at women. The fact that the controversy exists shows that physicians are getting increasingly conscious of women's feelings. It wouldn't have happened 20 years ago."

SUCH CHANGES IN PHYSICIANS' attitudes are probably linked to the increasing equality of women's role in society. Yet they are undeniably connected to a much more direct influence as well: education in medical schools.

Like sexism in medical care, sexism in medical education is deeply rooted in history. In 1869 students in Philadelphia chased women out of their lecture hall, throwing wads of tinfoil and tobacco quid at them. The men of Harvard also resolved to ostracize their first female student, issuing a statement that "no woman of true delicacy" belonged in medical school. Even Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.—the physician, not the jurist—who had supported the applicant when she had approached the faculty for admission, was not always consistent with his liberated view of the female. He once described woman as a "constipated biped with a backache."

In 1972, Dr. Mary Howell, the first woman associate dean at Harvard Medical School, became curious about modern attitudes and sent out questionnaires to women at 107 degree-granting medical schools. The result? "I was simply astonished at what came back," remarks Howell, who is now a practicing pediatrician in the Boston area. One hundred years after men had found women unfit for medical education at Harvard, Howell discovered, students across the nation

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were still telling female peers that "a woman's place is in the home." One chief of Ob-gyn told students, "A woman doesn't belong in the operating room except as a nurse." A woman student wrote that "it is common knowledge that the head of the Ob-gyn department disapproves of women medical students. Our own one exposure to this professor this year was a lecture on contraception during which he flipped various sizes of diaphragms Frisbee-like across the lecture room and compared the use of contraceptive foam to a pastepot."

If the medical-school attitude toward women students was astonishing, the educators' attitudes about women patients was outright appalling. Among the many examples cited:

- "A lecturer commented, 'The only significant difference between a woman and a cow is that a cow has more spigots.'"
- "A Gyn lecturer showed pictures of the vulva and made inappropriate remarks concerning its beauty or lack thereof."
- "A 'prominent' gynecologist referred to a patient of his as a 'cute trick.'"

"Students who complain about cracks in medical schools are telling the truth," says Barclay sadly. "And it is deplorable. The faculty has an obligation to present a role model."

The increasing numbers of women in medical schools have helped to ameliorate the situation somewhat: In the early Seventies, they made up only 10 percent of the student body; today, medical school enrollment is 25 percent female. More and more of these women have complained about insensitivities, and have had a noticeable effect. "Some lecturers still go right on making their little cracks, only now they preface them with the obligatory 'I know I'm a chauvinist; that's just the way it is,'" says Howell. "Nonetheless, we've made progress. Other people have genuinely sought to become less demeaning of women."

The hysterectomy is second on the list of operations most often performed unnecessarily.

THE ADMINISTRATORS OF A few schools at the forefront of medical education have not left the situation to be solved by only a few courageous women students, however. The curriculum committee at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, for example, has been notably responsive to the growing recognition that medical students need to be trained to nurture the human soul as well as the human body. "We've done what we think is a great deal to change attitudes and presentation of material in a way that is not offensive to either men or women," says Dr. Thomas Morris, chairman of the department of medicine. "The lectures that were prone in the past to inappropriate remarks have been very carefully reconstructed. We have also required courses in the doctor-patient relationship and in issues and values in medicine. We're trying to heighten awareness of the needs of patients. If we're able to achieve that goal, the issue of stereotyping will be less serious," Morris explains.

Cornell University has made another significant change. While most general practitioners listen to the patient's heart and lungs, few routinely examine female breasts—although breast cancer is the second most frequent cause of death among women. Almost none administer a pelvic exam. For these examinations, the woman must go to a specialist—the gynecologist, who is a surgeon. Dr. Lila Wallis, clinical associate professor at Cornell University Medical College, discovered an educational inadequacy that may have caused this oversight. She surveyed medical schools to find that most teach these exams as *part* of their course in gynecology. As a result these aspects of female anatomy are stigmatized for the student. Wallis mounted a campaign to remedy the problem and has succeeded at Cornell; both examinations are now being taught as part of the course in physical diagnosis.

While curricula can be reshaped to fit some specific needs of women's health care, it must be remembered that the medical school is only one building in a larger community; medical educators cannot be expected to disconnect their students from the prevailing attitudes in society, however sexist or unfair those attitudes may be. The best solution, though it cannot be regulated or legislated or institutionalized, is introspection— on the part of both physician and patient.

Doctors themselves—particularly medical educators—may do well to realize that boorish insensitivity and obscene remarks in lecture halls do not speak well for their abilities as teachers and say less for their abilities as healers. The physicians who chuckle off their attitudes with the rationale that they can't help being chauvinists, further, might listen to Franz Ingelfinger: "The doctor who treats a woman badly," he says, "is apt to treat all patients badly."

Even those physicians who try to be unbiased might scrutinize their attitudes. Doctors who have spoken out on this issue—respected physicians who are deeply concerned with the problem of sexism in medicine—occasionally have made revealing remarks themselves. One referred to his single, middle-aged female patients as "spinsters"; another repeatedly described women patients as "whiney"; another commented, "I'm surprised that women—particularly older women—are sensitive to having a breast removed." These doctors *intended* no harm; the question they might ask themselves is whether their attitudes ever *caused* harm by subtly influencing their recommendations for drugs or surgery.

Women as patients have some soul-searching to do themselves. First, they should ask themselves *why* they want medical care. It takes a great deal of wisdom and a great deal of courage to recognize unhappiness or problems at home—and to admit that they cannot be rectified by swallowing pills. It is also essential for patients to realize that the body itself has potent curative powers, that those things that go awry will often right themselves. "We often rush to a physician," says Howell, "because we're afraid of serious sicknesses. The problem would be solved if we as lay people were better educated to *know* what's serious. The sensible view is not to stop going to physicians altogether, but to go to doctors and ask for explanations until we know more about our bodies and regain confidence in taking care of some of our own ills."

Finally, those women who do need medical care should perhaps scrutinize their relationships with their physicians. One of the first feminist health-care booklets declared that "the myth of the doctor as humanitarian is out of date. If there ever were such doctors, they are mostly all gone now." This type of attitude is unproductive—and probably sexist itself. There is nothing oppressive in respecting a physician; what a woman should remember is that *self*-respect is equally important—that she is intellectually capable of participating in her own recuperation and that she has the right, indeed the obligation, to insist on all the facts about medications and to join in making decisions about her care. "The idea strikes a dead note with many physicians," says Lila Wallis. "But women are better educated now and ask better questions, and care is easier when they share responsibilities."

Seventy years ago George Bernard Shaw, in his dryly witty *Doctor's Dilemma*, suggested that government "make it compulsory for a doctor using a brass plate to have inscribed on it ... the words 'Remember that I too am mortal.'" Today we might require not only that doctors display the sign but that women read it. Better women's health care, it appears, will not be achieved by dogmatic physicians who regard females as helpless dependents; nor will it be received by women who regard doctors as either patriarchal guidance counselors or chauvinistic enemies. It may be that better health care—true equality—will be achieved only when doctor and female patient alike come to regard each other as human beings. And respect each other as partners. ◉

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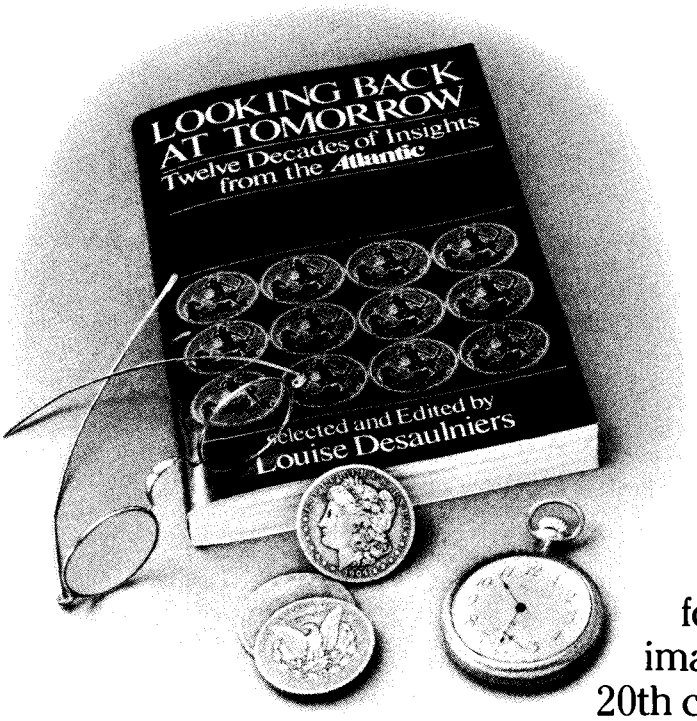

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Jousting on the Hill

Skewering the Consumer's Defender

by Robert Sherrill

CONGRESS SEEMS determined to cripple further the Federal Trade Commission, Washington's best-known "consumer protection" agency. Many consumers won't care if this happens because they don't have even a vague notion of what the FTC is or does. Recent polls revealed that eight out of 10 Americans are in that benighted condition.

With a budget of about $60 million—enough to run the Pentagon for about 15 minutes—and, until recently, a history of timidity and inaction, the FTC is one of Washington's smallest regulatory agencies. Lately, though, the FTC has been doing that for which it was created: fighting the concentration of economic power and investigating "unfair or deceptive" business practices. Under a string of dynamic leaders and armed with a revision of its own power, the new commission has taken on such giants as the funeral and the "kid vid" industries.

Unfortunately Congress, which is, after all, responsible for the existence of the FTC, doesn't like the new commission. Some members claim that federal agencies should assume the role of arbitrator, not advocate; others contend that the FTC has been overzealous in its pursuit of deceptive business practices. Congressman Bill Frenzel, a Minnesota Republican, calls the FTC "a king-sized cancer on our economy." Senator John C. Danforth, a Missouri Republican with strong pro-business sentiments, says the FTC is "out of control."

In fact, many congressmen appear to be most concerned with their campaign coffers, which are largely taken care of by business "political action committees." The feeling on Capitol Hill runs so strong that the FTC's present chairman, Michael Pertschuk, sometimes arouses vicious personal attacks. An official of Formica Corporation described him as "a complete socialist" and "one of the most dangerous men in America."

Such responses might be almost funny if they were not merely the latest notation in a long history of abuse.

In 1912–1913 Congress, investigating the Money Trust, decided there was a dangerous concentration of economic power in America that should be broken up. In the spirit of reform it passed the Federal Reserve Act of 1913, the Clayton Antitrust Act of 1914, and the Federal Trade Commission Act of 1914.

None of these acts has reduced even slightly the concentration of economic power in America. Indeed, it has grown more intense. The largest 500 firms today account for more than 80 percent of all the manufacturing and mining assets in the country, an increase of more than 20 percent in the last two decades. The reforms of 1913–1914 were long ago mummified. The Federal Reserve Board became practically a tool of the major banks. The Clayton Antitrust Act has been treated by succeeding administrations as a quaint relic of an almost forgotten populist era. And, for most of its life, the Federal Trade Commission has been only a bad joke.

On paper, of course, Congress intended to give the FTC great authority. The legislation empowered the commission to take legal action against monopolies and cartels (a power it shared with the Justice Department) and to stamp out unfair and deceptive business practices. In short, it was supposed to police the commercial world in such a way that honest businesses would not be placed at a disadvantage with unscrupulous competitors and that consumers would not be cheated.

But having given these pious marching orders, Washington's politicians promptly abandoned the FTC. Not only did it receive little encouragement, but it was not allowed to show any independent inclination to fulfill its congressional mandate. When the FTC tried to break up interlocking corporate directorates, when it issued a comprehensive study of the international oil cartel and pushed for antitrust action, when it tried to force conglomerates to issue line-of-business reports on their income (a tremendous aid in the FTC's antitrust efforts), the FTC was smothered by political opposition. For most of its 66 years the FTC has gotten no moral support from Congress; it has gotten virtually none from the executive branch. And, until recently, the agency was sodden internally with despair, lack of talent, and conflict of interest. It was what journalist David Burnham called "a patronage dumping ground for friends of powerful Southern Democrats."

So passed its first half century. Frustrated in all major efforts, reduced to the listless pursuit of trivia, it was generally considered to be the most useless regulatory agency in Washington: timid, lazy, inept, indifferent, and totally intimidated by big business.

Year after year, the FTC churned out hundreds of inconsequential rulings relating to such matters as the price of fruit pies in Salt Lake City, the operation of gift shops in the Virgin Islands, the mislabeling of weasel coats in New York City, and the attempt of a bubblegum manufacturer to monopolize baseball picture cards. Commonly, prosecution of cases of mislabeling, false advertising, and deceitful practices would be dragged out by the FTC for so many years that they just fell apart and died—the witnesses scattered, the evidence misplaced, and often the accused company itself gone into bankruptcy. It took the old FTC, as Jean Carper, columnist and co-author of *Eating May Be Hazardous to Your Health*, once pointed out, "13 years to make Geritol stop claiming it cured 'tired blood' and 30 years to make Holland Furnace Company salesmen stop faking explosions in people's basements."

Then one of Washington's rare miracles occurred: A bureaucratic corpse, electrified by criticism, began to stir.

The first criticism came from Ralph Nader's investigators who, in 1969, issued a ferocious exposé showing that the FTC was staffed by political hacks who strenuously avoided fighting the frauds of big business. Though the Nader report was taken seriously, the Washington establishment accepted it with reservations because most of the investigators were recent law-school gradu-

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ates suspected of being hyped on the then-new consumer movement. President Nixon asked for a second opinion from the American Bar Association. Instead of discrediting Nader, the ABA concluded that the FTC was so worthless that "if change does not occur, there will be no substantial purpose" in keeping the agency alive.

Thus forced into a put-up or shut-up position, Nixon for once put up. He first appointed Casper Weinberger, California's director of finance, to take over the FTC and begin a "complete reorganization." Weinberger had hardly begun the job, however, when Nixon pulled him out and transferred him elsewhere in the bureaucracy. Next, Nixon appointed as chairman Miles Kirkpatrick, the Philadelphia lawyer who had headed the ABA investigation of the FTC. Kirkpatrick also took his assignment seriously. Suddenly the FTC was leveling charges of deceptive promotion against such sanctified outposts of capitalism as the Coca-Cola Company, McDonald's Hamburgers, Reader's Digest, and Procter & Gamble. The FTC was even so bold as to suggest that Wonder Bread really wasn't doing anything wonderful enough to build strong bodies 12 ways. In its fresh heretical frenzy, the FTC insisted that manufacturers of electric razors, air conditioners, and automobiles send evidence of the accuracy of their advertisements.

Even more startling, the FTC began to show imagination. It thought up a new system for balancing false advertisements: Instead of merely ordering manufacturers to quit lying about their products, the FTC demanded that they place *corrective* ads in which they acknowledged that their previous claims had been false.

Many of Nixon's big money supporters were furious. Herbert Klein, Nixon's director of communications, announced that the White House felt the FTC was going "too far" in its zeal to protect consumers, and shortly thereafter Kirkpatrick was persuaded to step down. He had lasted three years. His successor, Lewis A. Engman, who had recently served as assistant director of the White House Domestic Council, was greeted by consumer groups with deep suspicion. They thought he would probably represent Nixon's interests in protecting big business from regulation. Instead, Engman proved to be an independent, fairly gutsy fellow who carried on the reforms begun by Kirkpatrick and started some of his own.

The most important new power given Engman was the Magnuson-Moss Act of 1974. Previously, the FTC had been restricted to policing the conduct of individual companies. If Company X was caught in deceptive practices, the FTC could move against it—but all the other companies in the industry, even if they were equally guilty, might escape until a later day of judgment. Such a time-consuming company-by-company process left the FTC incapable of achieving sweeping reforms. The Magnuson-Moss Act, among other things, enabled the FTC to make industry-wide rules.

Armed with that authority, Engman launched 11 rule-making investigations into questionable activities involving vocational schools, mobile-home dealers, food advertisers, prescription-drug marketers, over-the-counter drug marketers, hearing-aid companies, health spas, and the funeral industry.

The next FTC head, Calvin Collier, followed Engman's lead. In a single year

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he initiated four other industry-wide rule-making investigations into such things as the practices of used-car dealers and eyeglass hucksters. By the end of 1976, the FTC had more than 750 investigations underway. It was also breaking up some illegally interlocking directorates, and it was slowly nursing along an antitrust suit filed in 1973 against eight major oil companies.

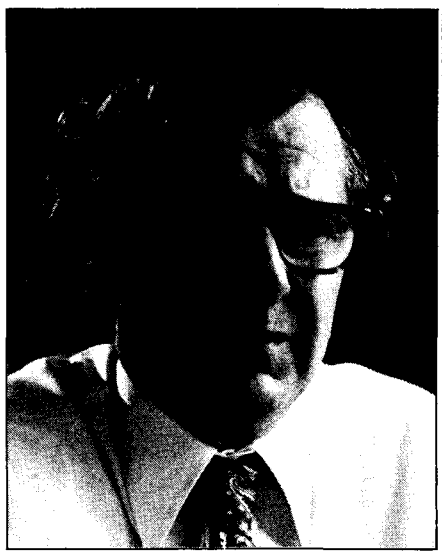
At 35, Collier was the youngest chairman in FTC history. Critics of the agency—noting that by January 1977 the FTC had replaced one out of every 10 lawyers on its staff with recruits from that year's class and that 20 percent of the young newcomers were Phi Beta Kappas—began to complain that business was being victimized by smart-alecky kids. The criticisms were especially ominous because they came from executives of such giants as Kellogg, General Foods, General Motors, Exxon, and Sears—all of whom had recently been hit by FTC action.

This was the situation that prevailed when, in April 1977, Michael Pertschuk, then 44 years old, was sworn in as the new chairman. The future was murky. The FTC was again under intense fire from *Fortune*'s 500 on down. It was again being accused of going too far, of carrying out vendettas against business. Some influential conservatives were again urging the ultimate reform—abolition of the agency.

Pertschuk's appointment did little to soothe them. Son of a wealthy furrier, educated at private prep schools and at Yale, Pertschuk had flourished on Capitol Hill during its most pro-consumer era. For more than a dozen years he had served as chief counsel of the Senate Commerce Committee, and for many of those years he was thought by some to be as influential as the committee's chairman, Senator Warren Magnuson. Pertschuk was known to be one of the few persons in Washington with Ralph Nader's private phone number, and it was not difficult to see the results of that friendship in the legislation Pertschuk helped write: on health warnings for cigarette labeling, no-fault insurance, auto safety, truth-in-packaging—a list that is, in the words of Senator Magnuson, "as long as your arm."

Still, despite his do-gooder credentials, many business lobbyists knew Pertschuk to be "a reasonable, practical, sensible problem solver," as one of Washington's corporate lawyers described him to the *New York Times*. Fanatics don't get to be chief counsel of the Senate Commerce Committee. He was a consummate wheeler-dealer when it came to bringing opposing parties together in the drafting of legislation. One of the oft-told stories around Washington was how he got Ralph Nader and Lloyd N. Cutler, lawyer for the auto industry, to cooperate on a Commerce Committee report. He put Nader in one room and Cutler in another, eventually persuading these vigorous opponents to redraft the report in such a way that Congress would pass the National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act.

At the time Pertschuk was sworn in, his friends and enemies did agree on one thing: Under his leadership the FTC would surely have an easier time with Congress than it had had under its recent Republican management. The logic of the prediction was simple enough: With the White House once again occupied by a Democrat, the President's nominee would be more kindly treated by a Democratic Congress, especially when he was Congress's own protégé.



WIDE WORLD

By the middle of reform, Pertschuk's knighthood color is not white and gray.

Ironically, the results were just the opposite. The partisanship on which Pertschuk might have depended for his strength in earlier eras was fast disappearing from Washington. Party leaders—which is to say, party fund raisers—no longer had the influence they once held. The public treasury (for presidential candidates) and business "political action committees" (for congressmen) had replaced the old-style party fund raisers. With most politicians getting their money independently, their loyalty to the party machine declined sharply. The appointee of a Democratic President could no longer automatically expect friendship from a nominally Democratic Congress. The once-reliable Pennsylvania Avenue marriage was being broken up by money from special-interest groups.

In 1974, when many of the pro-consumer laws were being rushed through Congress, there were only 89 corporate political action committees spreading money around. But four years later, just as Pertschuk was taking on his new job, the Federal Election Commission reported the existence of 784 corporate political action committees and 451 trade and professional action organizations. These groups—each of which is permitted to spend up to a total of $10,000 in primary and general elections—were becoming the big source of campaign funds for congressional candidates. Political committees linked with the American Medical Association, for example, gave more than $4.9 million to House and Senate candidates between 1974 and 1978.

Pertschuk, for all his political sophistication, apparently did not realize the profound change these moneyed groups were making. He seemed oblivious to the massive army that was already arrayed against further FTC regulations. He walked into his new job spouting the most quixotic plans for turning the FTC into what he boldly called "the best public-interest law firm in the country." In an interview with *U.S. News & World Report*, he implied that he might even get the FTC to make advertisers toe the line according to some politically ordained "national policy." If the "national policy" was to save energy, he said, the FTC might outlaw "an automobile ad that touted a car for its large size, quick starts, and power—while obscuring its poor fuel efficiency...." He hinted that, to boost competition, the FTC might impose a ceiling on how much some giant corporations could spend for advertising.

Even before he was sworn in, he was vowing to crack down on the $600 million "kid vid" industry, the portion of the television advertising industry specializing in appeals to children—a group that too often, said Pertschuk, "manipulates sounds and symbols to exploit the vulnerability of a child's mind." He said it was unfair to go on television and fast-talk a six-year-old into eating sugar-laden foods that might ruin his teeth and health. Kellogg and colleagues accepted these comments as a declaration of war.

Between rhetorical outbursts, Pertschuk plunged into the varied rule-making activities he inherited from his Republican predecessors. But he did so with such enthusiasm that the Republican origins of the proposed rules were forgotten. Pertschuk alone got the blame for the trouble the FTC was causing business He became the target—the symbolic, preeminent villain in a town where it had become quite faddish, even among liberals, to be against government regulation. At a White House Christmas party in 1979, one of the Senate's tougher members sidled up to Congressman Bob Eckhardt, chairman of a consumer protection subcommittee and very much a supporter of Pertschuk, to

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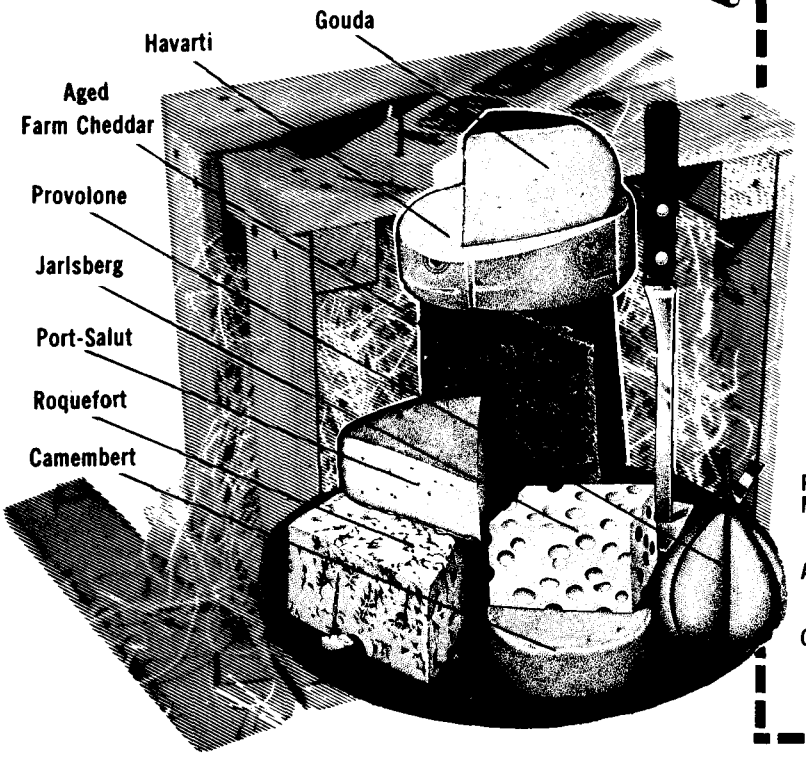

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say cheerily: "We're going to get your boy next year."

The irony of the current get-Pertschuk movement—or to be more exact, the latest get-the-FTC movement, for there are four other members of the commission who must be considered, as they have generally given Pertschuk strong support—is that he could be classified as a white knight only by comparison with Washington's usual run of flaccid bureaucrats. By the standards of any real reformer, Pertschuk's knightly color would have to be gray.

The changes Pertschuk's FTC has ordered various industries to make in their conduct—or that it has said it *may* order them to make—are quite ordinary. They are such casual reforms, in fact, that one reads through the list with amazement that such changes hadn't been imposed long ago.

One is also dumbfounded to discover that of the 18 rule-making proceedings begun as a result of the Magnuson-Moss Act, only four have been completed. The commission has proceeded with excruciating caution. For example, it spent seven years of the most painstaking investigation and heard 327 witnesses before handing down its rules for reforming the funeral industry.

Here, in brief, are the four industry-wide rulings passed by the FTC:

- Funeral directors were ordered to itemize price information rather than give "package" prices, and quote prices over the phone so that bereaved customers can shop around for the cheapest funeral. Directors were also ordered not to deceive people into thinking they had to get their dead embalmed if in fact they didn't have to, or buy a coffin for a cremation if that wasn't necessary. In short, funeral merchants were told they shouldn't take advantage of grieving people to sell a $2,500 funeral—the average price these days for the package—when they really would have preferred to buy one for $600.
- Vocational schools were ordered to provide students with an escape clause and a rebate plan. No longer would some unsuspecting ghetto kid be locked into paying for a "guaranteed employment" computer course that he couldn't possibly complete.
- State laws that prohibited advertising by optometrists were struck down. Also, doctors were ordered to give prescriptions to their customers so that they could do comparison buying. (That one rule has reportedly saved consumers $500 million since 1978.)
- Manufacturers of home insulation were ordered to stop making unsubstantiated claims of energy-saving performances and to start telling consumers exactly what they could expect from their product in the way of R-value—the measure of insulating power.

Obviously, those four rules fall far short of being revolutionary. Pertschuk says the four rules show "judiciousness and restraint." Indeed, they are so restrained as to hardly qualify as reform. They are no more than housekeeping regulations that would, in the long haul, help the affected industries as much as they helped the public.

But the response of industry was predictably excessive. Even *proposed* investigations by the FTC prompted hysteria. When the commission announced that it was going to look into charges that Sunkist Growers Incorporated was suppressing competition, Sunkist wailed that it was being picked on, that federal law specifically exempted government regulation of cooperatives. (Sunkist is quite correct in that, but the law was aimed at assisting the *little* co-ops; it was decidedly not written for a giant that controls 60–80 percent of the western lemon and orange market.)

Either by lawsuits or by legislation, the FTC was stopped dead in its tracks.

Used-car dealers said that the FTC had no right even to consider forcing them to inspect and list the defects of the 20 million used cars Americans buy each year; insurance companies were outraged when the FTC began investigating charges that consumers were being cheated of billions of dollars in the interest paid on their policies.

Big business did more than complain. Either by lawsuits or by legislation, it succeeded in getting all four rules to be put on hold. The FTC was stopped dead in its tracks—at least momentarily.

Legislation, as everyone knows, is written with money. A team of reporters from the *Philadelphia Inquirer* discovered that industries under investigation by the FTC had pumped more than $5 million into congressional races in 1978; the tally for 1980 is, of course, still far from over but it is expected to be at least as generous.

The money seems to have been profitably invested. Congress passed legislation to significantly stunt the agency's independence—the House favoring a draconian one-house veto power over FTC rules, the Senate choosing a more gentlemanly two-house overriding process. Both House and Senate also singled out specific rule-making proceedings—children's TV ads, funeral pricing, etc.—that they insist the agency back away from. (To be sure, the FTC could have done worse. Before the Senate vote a top agency official had said, "We can't count on more than 10 percent of their members." In fact the FTC got the support of 13 percent.)

As of this writing the conference committee has not put the prohibitions into a compromise package. But the general congressional message is already plain, and it has had its desired effect. The bounce has gone out of the commission once again.

Pertschuk no longer sounds much like a militant reformer. Compromise is in the air. Now he soothes congressional critics by conceding that some of his staff may have been a little too zealous and he claims that these zealots "are no longer with" the FTC. He tells conservatives that he is "not unsympathetic with the motivation for a legislative veto," though he does not think it would work. He insists that both he and his commission are, at bottom, full of "institutional humility."

Such a shift in attitude on his part, though perhaps politically smart, makes consumer advocates very uneasy. Nancy Drabble, a staff attorney at Nader's Congress Watch, says, "Our concern is that the FTC may become scared, that it may go back to being the little old lady of Pennsylvania Avenue."

That would be a tragedy. For the FTC is finally beginning to be useful. Recently Arthur F. Burns, the former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, asked Pertschuk: "The Federal Trade Commission has been around for a good many years. What major contributions has it made to creating or maintaining a healthy competitive environment in this country? Or, to put the same question another way, if the commission were abolished today, would we have a very different world?"

Pertschuk replied accurately, "I would have to say that the commission cannot claim any great credit for reshaping the structure of this economy."

If Congress and its business buddies have their way, the FTC's valiant battle to change that situation will have been for nothing.

Robert Sherrill is Washington correspondent for the Nation.

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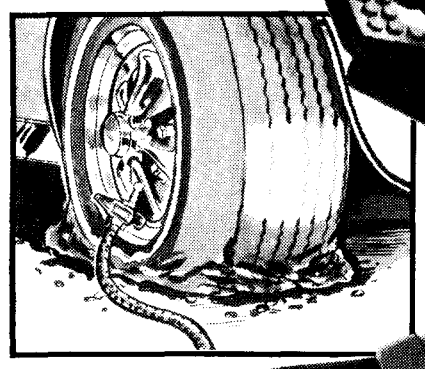

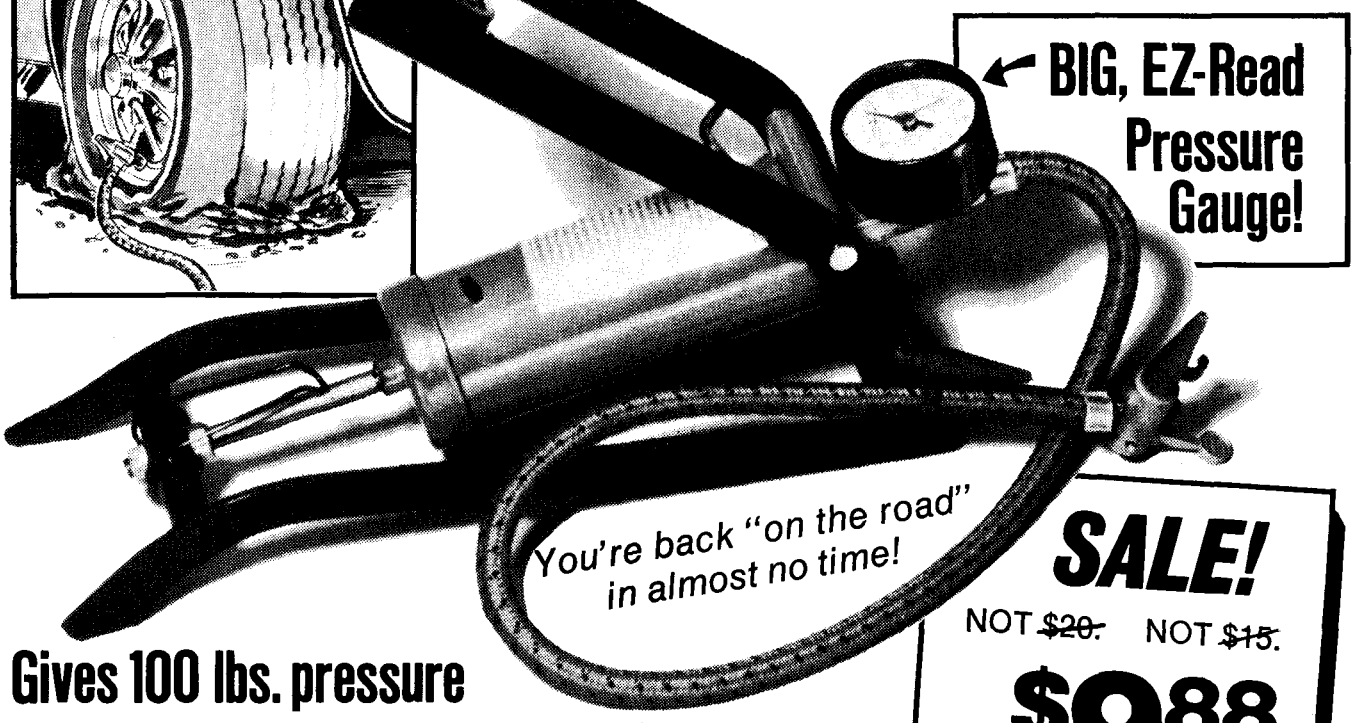

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The Tenor of Success

by Irving Kolodin

THE AIRING on PBS of Luciano Pavarotti's six-part venture into the academic world of the Juilliard Theater has accomplished two things. It has reflected credit on Juilliard, where the master classes were conducted in January 1979, and it has done more to make Pavarotti a household name than anything else he has done.

For all his skill as an operatic tenor, Pavarotti has never had so seductive a part to provide him with an entree into the living rooms of the nation. His charm, his musicianship, and, of course, his broad range of operatic repertory have encouraged devotees of the art to set aside time for watching and listening whenever he appears on television.

But as adviser to the vocally young, Pavarotti has attracted the attention of many Americans for whom opera is a diversion they can very well live without. He has mastered, in his concerned yet searching diagnosis of what each vocalist could do to improve his effort, a bedside manner doctors might envy.

For each televised master class Pavarotti—and a theater full of students—listened to vocalists perform, one at a time. Pavarotti did not limit his comments to the theoretical, without reference to professional practice. When he picked up and demonstrated, in his own tenor voice, a more artistic way of singing an aria than a student had just done ("Vecchia zimarra, senti," which Puccini wrote for the basso Colline in Act IV of *La Boheme*), he evoked a moment of operatic history. That was the occasion at which his great predecessor Enrico Caruso, ventured to do this aria in public, at a Met performance in Philadelphia, when an ailing colleague couldn't do the episode about Colline's regret at parting with an old overcoat in order to buy medicine for the dying Mimi.

The idea that such a bear of a tenor as Pavarotti could also walk, talk, and think like any other man has, apparently, taken many television viewers by surprise. But his excellence in commentary and exposition comes from exactly the place least to be suspected: his own background in Modena, Italy, where he was, for several years, a teacher.

Pavarotti is the sort of man who has never forgotten his own humble beginnings (as a baker's son) and the opportunity to sing professionally that came to him as the result of a competition. This was the part of Rodolfo in *La Boheme*, which he sang at the opera house in Reggio Emilia, the nearest large town to his birthplace.

His awareness of what that opportunity meant has prompted him to do something similar for other singers. Lately his thoughts have centered on Philadelphia, for a variety of reasons. Traditionally, the old Met, on Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street in New York, was dark on Tuesdays, when the company performed in Philadelphia. In 1961, however, Rudolf Bing decided that it had become too expensive to make the trip, and terminated the arrangement.

Under the aggressive leadership of Ray Fabiani, a local venture to fill the gap in Philadelphia was organized. Fabiani brought together vocal talent to form a chorus and instrumentalists to make an orchestra, and imported the great singers of the day from New York for leading roles. Pavarotti himself appeared with the Philadelphia Lyric Opera before Fabiani died in 1973.

This experience has left Pavarotti with indelible memories. "When the curtain went up, with a warm, responsive audience in the seats," he recalls, "I said to myself, What a beautiful theater. There is no other like it in America." (His reference was to the Academy of Music, which was built in 1854 and has been preserved with loving care.)

Pavarotti is planning a contest to be held in Philadelphia and to be open to singers world wide. The reward will be not money but the kind of opportunity he once enjoyed in Reggio Emilia. That, he says, was worth hundreds of thousands of lire to him; and so he hopes to do the same for some outstanding young singers who will join him in a performance of *Boheme*. "I will try to get Bruno Bartoletti, the fine conductor of the Chicago Lyric, to come," he promises. "The following year, if all goes well, perhaps Joan Sutherland will agree to sing in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*." If the competition begins in 1981, as it is scheduled to, it will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of his own debut in Reggio Emilia.

All of this is evidence of Pavarotti's devotion to opera and his generous spirit. (Pavarotti, by the way, also is well aware of what he learned during his years at La Scala, in Milan and elsewhere in Italy in the Sixties, when he was a subaltern in the ranks, behind reigning tenors, such as Giuseppe di Stefano and Franco Corelli.)

But the climb up the ladder to his present dizzying heights has left some, including myself, with the feeling that his success might have gone to his head. On a recent visit, I asked if he would mind answering a question about last year's *Tosca*. He responded with a gesture that implied, "Be my guest."

I mentioned that I'd been told he had had some problems with conductor James Conlon (a young member of the Met staff who was in charge of the opera). "Not so," he interjected. "He is a very talented person. I respect him. Perhaps you are referring to some disagreements with Tito Gobbi" (director of this performance and a great singing actor of the Fifties and Sixties, who has now turned to stage direction). "In Act I, where Tosca says repeatedly to me, as the painter Cavaradossi, that I should change the eyes of the Madonna—of whom she is jealous—from blue to black, I offered to go right up on the scaffold and do it, which is not specified in the opera. But Gobbi didn't like that. He said it was cheap. Which *I* didn't like." In the end, Cavaradossi did not go up on the scaffold, but there are those who insist that Pavarotti was making difficulties for Conlon, whose tempi the tenor didn't like.

Such minutiae of operatic perform-

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JOHAN ELBERS

Shirley Verrett and Pavarotti in Tosca*—Has success gone to his head—and his waistline?*

ance are commonplace, but not easily associated with Pavarotti, who cherishes his reputation for fine points of fidelity to a composer.

Was it the heat of the moment, or a headstrong abuse of the prominence Pavarotti has earned, that prompts such indulgences? A more recent case was in the Met's new production of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, for which the conductor was Giuseppe Patané. When I asked Pavarotti who decides how long he is to hold a note in an aria—he or the conductor—he replied, "It all depends." How about the place in Act III in *Ballo*, in the aria of the scene? "That was the conductor's fault! He should have brought in the orchestra sooner."

Nothing in the previous comments pertains to the style and security, or the superb craftsmanship of Pavarotti's singing. But I cannot remove some doubts that he is the same conscientious performer at all times and in all aspects of his art that he was at his first appearance in New York, in 1968.

Not the least of the deviations is the enormous burden of weight he is now carrying on a frame that was then well-proportioned. There has been a steady stream of protestations and guarantees that he is, indeed, dieting, and a small degree of difference can be discerned. When he appeared in Tokyo during the Met's visit there in 1975 (as Rodolfo in *Boheme*, of course) he was constantly looking for a way to sit behind a table in Acts I and II, because his costume concealed too little of his weight.

Such a detail may not impress some devotees of his art as a matter of critical importance, but to this critic, it is.

JACK VARTOOGIAN

Judith Blegen, Pavarotti, Katia Ricciarelli in Ballo*—He could be another Caruso.*

Pavarotti has a superb voice, a splendid technique, and something more—an extroverted personality—on stage, on television, or walking down the street. The combination of these qualities hasn't been the possession of any great operatic tenor since Caruso, a man about whom Pavarotti talks with a reverence bordering on deification.

Caruso was hardly sylphlike, but he kept his waistline in a recognizable place, and earned credit, in his later years, for his vivid impersonations of Samson in Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila* and Eléazar in Halévy's *La Juive*. He died of a lung affliction at the age of 48, before weight became a factor in sustaining his breath for singing. But, for Pavarotti, now in his midforties, such a consideration of weight and breath cannot be ignored forever.

Will the Luciano Pavarotti of yesterday and today be remembered as a symbol of pleasure and paradox, or, to put it bluntly, as an artist of fastidious musical manners who had to be indulged for what he indulged at the table? Or is there, somewhere in Pavarotti, an artist capable of reforming his physical image, as Maria Callas did in the Fifties?

Aida was hardly the most popular of Verdi's operas before Caruso took the role of Radames to his heart and voice. It is hardly a secret that Pavarotti is thinking of doing likewise. Asked about this, he answered, semiseriously, "I have already learned the aria." (In fact the young Pavarotti was probably singing "Celeste Aida," which Radames sings moments after the curtain goes up, in the streets of Modena, on the way to school, at 19.) But there is much sterner vocal stuff to come from Radames (especially in the Nile scene).

I asked him whether he thinks Radames is a wise role for him. "Call me a week after the first performance and I'll let you know," he retorted.

The day of our visit was one of those late winter afternoons when the air of New York is hardly worth breathing for anyone, least of all a singer. Pavarotti had a slightly inflamed throat, and said: "The way I feel I don't think I'll go on tomorrow night" (another *Ballo*).

"Your replacement will be Carlo Bergonzi," replied Pavarotti's manager, Herbert Breslin.

I couldn't help commenting that I wouldn't like to be in the theater when that change of cast is announced.

It didn't have to be. Pavarotti went on, and, after a slightly phlegmatic beginning (pertaining to the throat condition) was soon sounding like Pavarotti.

In his play *The Green Pastures*, Marc Connelly has the Lawd, in a moment of dejection about the human race, say: "Bein' Gawd ain't a bed of roses."

That remark applies to operatic divinity as well. **—Irving Kolodin**

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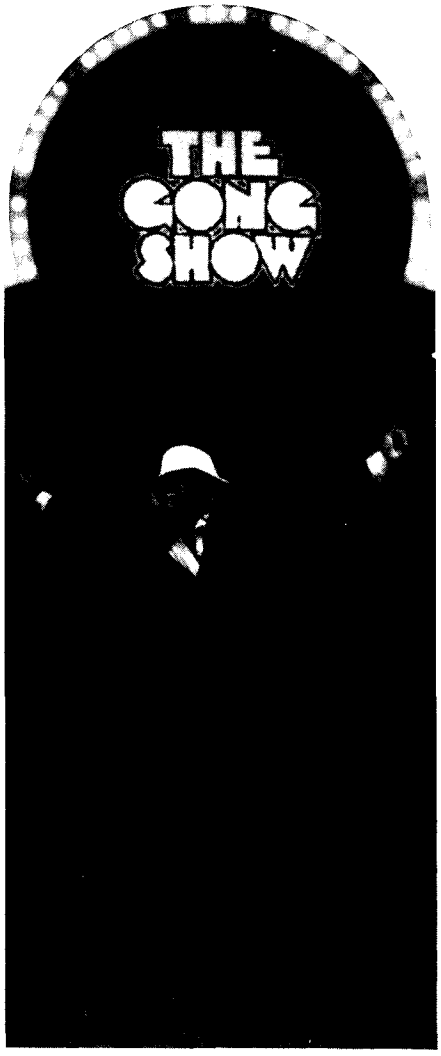
TELEVISION

The Hating Game



Barris reveals his passion for self-debasement.

DID YOU MAKE whoopee first and then decide to get married or did you decide to get married and then make whoopee?"

This is a typical question asked on *The Newlywed Game*, one of five participation shows producer Chuck Barris is currently inflicting on the television screen. It is also the kind of slop I watched for one week to write this column, so don't expect me to be pleasant. In fact, after putting in 10 or 12 hours watching Chuck Barris shows, I may not even be coherent.

I didn't start out to do a column on Chuck Barris and his works. The original idea was to develop a theory of mine about how it seems to be almost a requirement that nonactors agree to make fools of themselves in order to appear on television. As I saw it, I was going to trace a line from those blank-faced characters at sporting events who point to themselves whenever the camera swings in their direction to contestants on such shows as *The Price Is Right* who come apart at the seams over the excitement of winning a year's supply of birdseed. Then I was going to touch on the serious side and briefly discuss the unseemly rush on the part of half the women in television to take over Shana Alexander's doleful spot on *60 Minutes*. Alexander quit, by the way, not because she and James Kilpatrick were an embarrassment but because she felt she wasn't getting enough money. The apotheosis of these shows, I had supposed, was *Let's Make a Deal*, a program in which the producers take no chances whatsoever. Contestants have to *arrive* dressed like idiots even to be considered. I had not, however, reckoned with the cosmic vulgarity of Chuck Barris.

Besides *The Newlywed Game* Chuck Barris numbers among his creations *The $1.98 Beauty Show*, *The Gong Show*, *The Dating Game*, and *Three's a Crowd*. All five attempt to make entertainment out of self-degradation. Without exception they are unremittingly witless, tasteless, illiterate, and stupid—I'm not being obscure here, am I? Additionally, all five Chuck Barris programs display what seems to be his almost psychotic hatred of women. No opportunity is ever missed to show a woman as some sort of Daffy Duck who doubles as the town moron and the community punchboard. Barris shows amount to a systematic assassination of women, and that his victims skip to the executioner's block fairly squealing with delight at the prospect is no defense.

Take the *$1.98 Beauty Show*—in the word of Henny Youngman, "please!" In case you have missed it, the format is simplicity itself, which is probably the only way host Rip Taylor can keep track of it. Taylor, whose entire inventory of comedic devices consists of his single impersonation of a man having a nervous breakdown on his way to a transvestite costume party, reels onstage in a sequined ringmaster's outfit at full screech and then divides his time between delivering satiric introductions and standing to one side shouting incomprehensibly while the women go through their paces. The "contestants," who usually resemble the kinds of ladies the police try to get off the streets before political conventions come to town, dance and sing after a fashion and then parade around in joke-shop bathing suits. And, for something really funny, Taylor brings on a fat lady who waddles around the stage with the vacant expression of a cow who has just been hit on the forehead with a sledgehammer. Finally, for the big boffola finish, *the fat lady wins* while Taylor breaks into hysterics and strews confetti over her capacious bosom.

In comparison, *The Gong Show* is almost austere, combining third-rate professional acts with some truly horrific amateur ones. The principal interest here is that we get to see the master, Chuck Barris himself, who works as his own emcee. At 50, Barris is still the eternal classroom cut-up your parents didn't want you to associate with because he never would amount to anything. And they were right. He never did. Barris is a constant source of amusement to himself as he claps his hands and breaks himself up with gag introductions to the acts, mostly old vaudeville wheezes like "here he is fresh from an engagement on the Astor roof laying tar paper" mixed with a few Barris locker room touches of his own. He introduced one act as "Flash Beaver," which gives you an idea of the humor level Barris is comfortable with. As you might expect, the entertainment is supposed to come not from what the acts do but from their ineptitude, the amusement equivalent of putting turtles on their backs so that you can watch their feet wiggle.

Benumbing as these shows are, I suppose they could be defended as representing at least a perverted attempt at variety entertainment in the slapstick tradition of burlesque. But to get the real, double-dipped Chuck Barris passion for voyeurism combined with self-debasement, you have to include his other shows, which are just crawling with social commentary.

Watching *The Dating Game*, a television update of a forlorn radio show some 30 years past, is like being lashed to a stool in a singles' bar, and if that's your idea of a good time, you're welcome to my seat. In this one, a woman so aroil with passion she is suffused with a precoital glow, gets to talk to but not see three macho types. They in turn try out their lines and the one who weaves the finest seine bags her for the night. On the show I watched, the woman's opening question to all three was, "Imagine I am a beer can and then describe everything you are going to do to me from the time you pick me up until you're finished with me." I'm not making this up. That is what she said. The first guy replied that he was going to treat her like champagne and then he was going

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to chug-a-lug her .... You can figure the rest out for yourself.

My guess is that *The Newlywed Game* is Chuck Barris's personal favorite of his shows. It combines the maximum amount of double entendre with the least amount of intelligence. "Whoopee" questions are, of course, a staple. But every once in a while it goes off into general-interest areas that offer grist for somebody's mill. On one show the women were to guess what their husbands' favorite country in South America was. The first bride passed on the grounds she didn't know what or where South America was, and another guessed his choice would be Africa. Interestingly, one of the husbands, not hers, said his favorite country in South America was Africa. This started me thinking we might have the genesis of a wife-swapping game show on our hands here, but I assume Barris is way ahead of me on that one.

As a matter of fact, Barris is nibbling around the edges of a fun infidelity game show with *Three's a Crowd*, which pits wives against secretaries in knowing who has more sexual information about the lout they are both serving however indifferently. This is the latest of the Barris shows, and the material has become terribly threadbare even by his standards. I am assuming there that most of the "funny" answers contestants come up with have been written for them. Certainly, they have the same tired gag factory smell about them. When the wife and the secretary had to guess where the husband/boss most liked to be tickled, the best anyone could come up with was "south of the border."

I have no idea why people should yearn to go on these shows any more than I understand someone who thinks it's funny to get smashed at a party and dance with a lampshade on his head. But the appeal is undoubtedly strong. Barris himself fired the original emcee of *The Gong Show* so he could expose himself on television. Is the desire to be on television so powerful that people will submit to any kind of ridicule just to see themselves? What do these media flashers do when their program is aired? Do they gather their loved ones about them and say, "Now watch Mommy and Daddy make fools of themselves"? I don't know, and, frankly, I don't like to think about it very much.

In an interview, Barris once sounded the traditional schlockmeister's defense for selling garbage. "I produce entertainment shows for the masses, not for the intelligentsia," he said. "I produce entertainment shows the way Robert Hall makes suits."

I take solace in the knowledge that Robert Hall eventually went bankrupt. Perhaps there is some hope for us.

—Peter Andrews

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Defections From Country and Childhood

COURTESY UNITED ARTISTS

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Joop Doderer, Williamson, Richard Vernon confer; Melato supervises.

THE LITERATURE of espionage, it has often been noted, casts a peculiar spell on our times, as if that shadow world of cold manipulation, ambiguous motive, and conflicting loyalty holds a mirror up to the contemporary psyche. When Victorian individualism receded before 20th-century organization, the spy novel moved on from the glamorous derring-do of John Buchan and E. Phillips Oppenheim to the gray professionalism of espionage as bureaucracy. This is the climate of *The Human Factor* (United Artists/MGM), one of the very best of spy movies.

The film opens with a security check in one of those shabby-anonymous buildings favored by intelligence services. Colonel Daintry is the new security officer, a conscientious and lonely man nagged by personal troubles. There is evidence of a leak, fear of penetration by a Soviet operative, and suspicion has fallen on a single office. There Castle, the family man, and Davis, the cheery bachelor, handle the secret material. They have become friends. One or the other must be the double agent. The film records the closing in on the spy and ends with his defection to Moscow.

The plot is not especially persuasive, and the atmosphere is by now entirely familiar. Yet *The Human Factor* is uncommonly absorbing. Its success represents in part a triumph of writing. Graham Greene had an arresting conception—intelligence operatives as wounded men finding compensation for their own vulnerabilities in counter-espionage—but his novel, though not precisely perfunctory, seemed a little tired and wan. Tom Stoppard's screenplay, while sticking with admirable fidelity to the original, manages to heighten and individualize—to dramatize—the characters so that they stand out against the gray background. The film is an exemplary collaboration of novelist and playwright. What a pleasure it is to hear dialogue at once so economical and rich in implication.

And the dialogue is superbly spoken. *The Human Factor* is perfectly cast: Nicol Williamson as the contained, dogged Castle; Derek Jacobi as the emotional, careless Davis; Richard Attenborough as Daintry, the scrupulous security officer; Robert Morley and John Gielgud as intelligence higher-ups; Ann Todd making a welcome reappearance as Castle's mother; and a beautiful black girl named Iman as Castle's wife. In the end, though, the film must be accounted a triumph for Otto Preminger. It is his finest in 20 years, unfolding with emphatic pace and force and at the same time with the controlled understatement that makes every gesture and inflection so much more telling.

Greene's novel has an epigraph from Conrad: "I only know that he who forms a tie is lost. The germ of corruption has entered into his soul." This is *The Human Factor*'s bleak moral theme; and it might also serve for Franco Brusati's *To Forget Venice* (Quartet). Very different in mood from his earlier film *Bread and Chocolate*, *To Forget Venice* is a drama of the quarrel between nostalgia and maturity, with both Proustian and Chekhovian aspirations.

We are introduced to a villa near Venice where live Marta, a retired opera singer; Anna, her adopted niece; Claudia, Anna's friend. They are waiting for Marta's brother Nicky and his young business partner, who have promised to take them on an excursion to Venice. At first the flow of images in the film is confusing, but we gradually realize that Brusati is attempting the orchestration of memory, merging past and present as the characters recall and, except for Marta, cling to their childhood. We gradually realize too that Anna and Claudia are lovers, and that Nicky's partner is also his lover.

They never get to Venice. Instead Marta's collapse and death shock them into confrontation with reality. Brusati's vision is of children frightened by sexuality and betrayal, thereafter seeking refuge in the love of their own sex, now forced by death into the recognition that youth and illusion are over. "Forget Venice," as Nicky's childhood chum, now a fat, bald, middle-aged man, tells him. "Look ahead—never look back."

To Forget Venice does not quite succeed. It tries too hard to be haunting; the lyricism of forest glades and green grass is too studied; portentous silences and pointless mystifications weaken it. Yet there are some lovely scenes, as when the old diva is prevailed upon to sing in a charming open-air restaurant. Hella Petri is quite marvelous in this role. That odd and singular beauty Mariangela Melato as Anna, trapped in the conflict between reality and despair, is quite marvelous too. Some may object to the portrayal of homosexuality as a form of arrested development. But the fable of initiation into maturity has obvious validity. And though *To Forget Venice* is too pretentiously wrought to be wholly convincing or likable, its lyricism does, in a measure, haunt.

WITH THIS COLUMN my nearly two and a half years as *SR*'s film reviewer come to an end. The exigencies of sabbatical leave, foreign travel, and new books to write compel me to suspend this favorite hobby—reviewing, that is, not seeing movies, which is an incurable addiction. I want to thank the *SR* editors for their indulgence and my readers for their moments of indignation as well as of approval—and to wish my successor all the pleasures of the chase.

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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AFFORDABLE VACATIONS

How to Keep From Going for Broke

THE PURSUIT OF this summer's holy grail may turn out to be finding an affordable holiday without taking out a second mortgage on the homestead, melting down the family silver, or declaring terminal insolvency. The enormous increase in airplane fuel—over 25 percent since last summer—has rendered costs and schedules a scattering of wind-blown confetti. Fares have ballooned, flight schedules have been reduced, and some cities have been left without air service except for the tenuous link of a commuter line. Certain airlines have imposed reductions in executive salaries to meet the losses. Cruise lines have had to contend with fuel surcharges, too, and even the automobile tourist, once the traditional low-cost traveler, is now required to take into careful consideration the cost of keeping the gas guzzler satiated. The bill for filling a 20-gallon tank with petrol that costs $1.25 a gallon can grow to a formidable item on anybody's travel budget, unless one is motoring aboard a moped.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICE OF TOURISM

Sightseers at City Hall, Toronto.

Planning this year's holiday, once a pleasant prospect filled with anticipated confections, is going to require as much knuckle-nibbling as making out the income tax returns. And the payments may be as heavy. The prospective vacationer to whom money is an object should decide first of all on preferred locations. The currency of some countries is based on the U.S. dollar and will prove more advantageous to the dollar-bearing tourist. Canada is a place in point (the Canadian dollar is actually cheaper than the U.S. dollar), Mexico is another, and so are those antipodal attractions, Australia and New Zealand.

Currency aside, one must also reckon—if one is determined on distant locations—on preferred, that is, discounted air fares. A numbing maze of plans is available, most involving advance purchases—as much as 21 days advance when buying "Apex" fares or "Super Apex" fares. Most domestic carriers have "Super Saver" fares that require purchase a week in advance as well as a stay of not less than 7 days nor more than 60. The savings can be as high as 50 percent depending upon hour of flight and day of travel. Check your travel agent for family fare plans, which are being continued to the edge of the summer season. On TWA, kids under 17 fly free—one child per adult, please. American's discount is 60 percent for children two to 17 with unlimited stopovers and no minimum stay. Pan Am, now flying domestically, is selling standby space between coasts for $108. You might want to look up Laker's three-tiered tariff structure with all sorts of walk-ons, advance reservations, meal purchases (or brown bag it), and other assorted savings.

Not to be dismissed is Amtrak, which last summer did a booming standing-room-only business especially when gas pumps ran dry. The railroad has assorted packages all over the country, some of them tied in with Hertz and Holiday Inns. Nor should one overlook cruises where, for the price-conscious, the basic cost is predetermined before the gangplank is taken up. Tips and drinks, as well as shore excursions, should then be the only extras.

All this sort of fiduciary legerdemain aside, there are many other ways of trimming the holiday bill such as driving the car to Canada (see following text), taking a vacation close to Mother Earth on a farm, cutting down on restaurant costs with picturesque picnics, and buzzing off on weekend excursions when big city hotels offer reduced rates and airlines oblige accordingly. Eastern Airline's shuttle flight from New York to the nation's capital, normally $51 one way, is $66 round trip if you go weekends. Even Finnair has a weekend package if you're willing to flee to the northlands, spend $475, and reindeer is your meat.

This portfolio of ideas, concepts, suggestions, and offerings for a solvent holiday, 1980 style, was put together by David Butwin, Patricia Brooks, Susan Ochshorn, and the undersigned, who are prudent travelers all.

—Horace Sutton

LOGO BY EMILY BENEDEK

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Super Eagle?

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED to the pullman trains that chugged across pre-jet America? Well, the cars are alive if not altogether well on Mexican tracks, and if the red plush seats are a bit worn and the pipes wheezy, you have to love the ticket prices and the nonstop local color. The Aztec Eagle, which runs daily from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City—a 750-mile one-day trip—charges just $25 for a bedroom, $20 for a roomette bedroom, less for a pullman berth. Boston-Washington (a similar distance) costs $47.50 before you lie down. At station stops, the Eagle takes on mariachi bands and hawkers with buckets of ice-cold Carta Blanca and baskets of steaming green-corn tamales fresh in their husks.—**D.B.**

TIM RAGLIN

Down Under as Bargain Basement

SOME AUSTRALIAN POINTS to consider. Australia is a dollar country. It takes one U.S. dollar plus 10¢ to buy one Australian dollar. Qantas, the u-less airline, has put in daylight flights on Boeing 747B's flying from San Francisco to Sydney three times a week. The off-peak round trip is valid from March 4 to June 30. For $99 Australian you can buy a pass for unlimited flights all over New South Wales for a fortnight. This is the big southeastern square of Australia that includes Sydney, Canberra, and Melbourne, Mt. Kosciusko in the Australian Alps, as well as Dubbo, the gold-mining town.

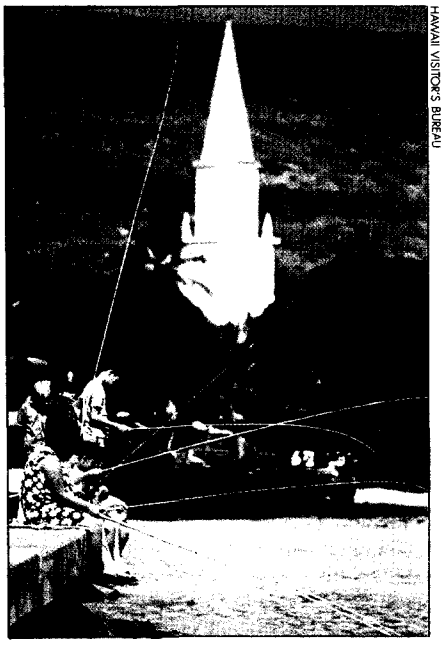
Want to work the land by bus? Ansett Pioneer will take you out for 21 days in an air-conditioned coach, put you up in a first-class hotel for 20 nights, and show you the sights until you have jaded eyeballs. The tithe? It's $25 Australian or $27.50 our money per day. You have heard, of course, of Eurailpass. On the underside of the globe they offer Australpass. The pass can be bought here, in advance, for periods that vary from 14 days to three months. If you were thinking of taking the Indian Pacific, which crosses from Sydney to Perth, reserve six months in advance. Thomas Cook is the sole U.S. distributor. —**H.S.**

Some Hawaiian Pads

HAWAII, island of contrasts, is home not only to the posh Mauna Kea and Kona Village Resort (where a room costs from $165 to $250 a day), but also to a quartet of country inns that barely top $20, double. Perched 1,500 feet above the Kona coast in the hamlet of Captain Cook is the Manago Hotel, newly expanded to 43 rooms and asking $19 to $22 for a double, as low as $11 if you use the community lua. There is a screen-porch restaurant with a view and prices that will make you sigh.

Halfway between Kona and Hilo, near the village of Naalehu, stands the 13-room Shirakawa Motel, with $15 doubles, $18 if you want a kitchenette. In the sleepy plantation town of Honokaa, Henry Morita charges no more than $14 (and as low as $6) at the 20-room Honokaa Club. Mr. and Mrs. Goro Inaba get $6 a room at the warm and weathered Kona Hotel in Holualoa. No private baths, but the two washrooms, on a green cliff above the Pacific, have a million-dollar view.

Nor is the country inn an endangered species on Molokai. You can't spend more than $20 at the Pau Hana Inn in Kaunakekai. It has a breezy, seaside bar shaded by a giant Indian banyan, and its dining room has a fieldstone fireplace, which crackles warmly on those chilly 65-degree winter nights. —**D.B.**

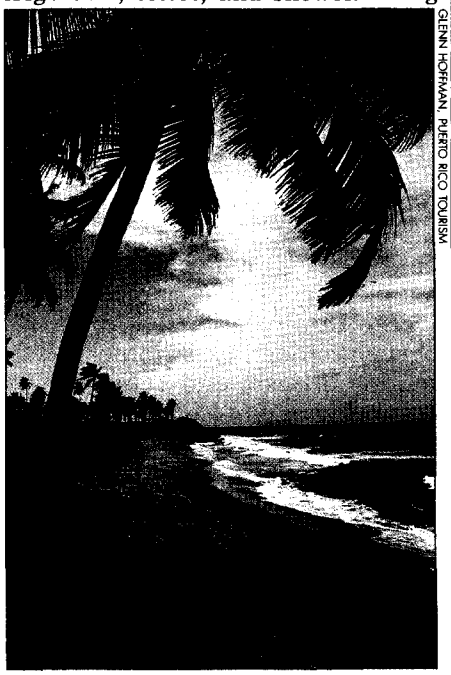


HAWAII VISITOR'S BUREAU

Kona, Hawaii— "Million dollar view."

West Side Story

THE BIGGEST STORY is on Puerto Rico's west side where a party willing to rough it can lease a bungalow on the beach at Boqueron for $35 for three days. That includes one room with double bed, one with two bunk beds, plus stove, refrigerator, toilet, and shower. Bring along linens and pots, do your own cooking or dine at seafood restaurants along the shore. If comfort is your preference, the 150-room Mayaguez Hilton, spread over 25 landscaped acres, extracts a decent $53 a night, a rate for all seasons. It is not only the lowest on the island for this class of hotel, but it doesn't rise in the winter and, moreover, there is usually space. The hotel made Mayaguez the honeymoon capital of Puerto Rico.



GLENN HOFFMAN, PUERTO RICO TOURISM

Rincon Beach, Puerto Rico— "Surfing."

Even if you're not there for post nuptials you'll hardly get bored. There are night-lit, no fee, clay tennis courts and a pool on the grounds. It is half an hour to the surfing beach at Rincon; 20 minutes to the Yaguez Diving Club; golf at Aguadilla ($5 weekdays, $7 weekends); hikes through Maricao State Park; and adventurous excursions to Mona Island, halfway across the channel to the Dominican Republic, a limestone ledge that is the Caribbean home for five-foot-long rhinoceros iguanas, sea turtles, huge hermit crabs. It grows the *manchineel* and let not Eve tempt you. It's also called the poison apple. —**H.S.**

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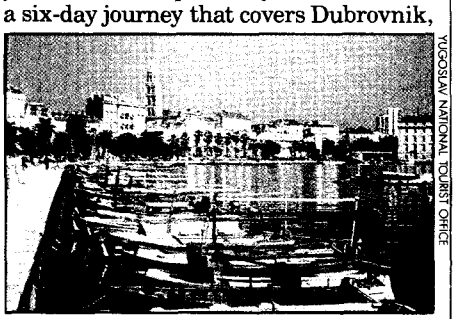
Let's Go Yugo

IF YOU WERE under the impression that all roads led to Rome, adjust your compass. For centuries Yugoslavia was the crossroads for Celts, Goths, Romans, Phoenicians, Illyrians, Greeks, and Turks, all of whom have left their distinctive marks on the country. Today, from the Alps to the Adriatic, Yugoslavia's six republics are peopled by five nationalities who speak three languages. A land of great diversity and beauty, it is also one of the best bargains that Europe has to offer in these times of economic exigencies.

The dollar, you'll be pleased to know, is sound in Yugoslavia. What this means is that the dinar, the local unit of currency, follows the movements of Uncle Sam. If the dollar drops in Western Europe, so goes the dinar—an admitted inconvenience for Yugoslavs traveling abroad, but good fortune for Americans in this Balkan nation. According to reliable and felicitous sources, the average price for deluxe hotels in peak season (July through September) ranges from $40 to $60. During off-season these rates may be discounted as much as 40 percent. Even more economical are Yugoslavia's B-class hotels: Indoor swimming pools may be missing but they do offer full board, private bath, and extensive athletic facilities for an appealingly low $15. If a small villa in Split should be your fancy, rooms can be had for as little as $12 a night.

The possibilities for travel in this patchwork-quilt of a republic are numerous. You can hop in a car—foreign visitors may purchase vouchers that entitle them to a 20 percent fuel discount—and forge your own itinerary. Or for $235 you can be transported by motorcoach on a six-day journey that covers Dubrovnik,



YUGOSLAV NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia— "Crossroads."

Split, Plipvice Lakes National Park, the Postojna Caves, Opatija, and Lake Bled. The tab includes first-class hotels, meals, English-speaking guides, service, and taxes. If sun and water signal "vacation" to your cerebral computer, buy yourself a round-trip ticket between Dubrovnik and Rijeka for $22—it's good for stopovers on the dozens of islands that bedeck the sparkling Adriatic coast. The Yugoslavian Tourist Office guarantees 112.8 "absolutely cloudless days annually" in Dubrovnik. The rate of exchange, dollars to dinars, makes for a sunny outlook, too. —**S.O.**

KATRINA TAYLOR

Finnish Line

IF AN INGMAR BERGMAN movie is the closest you've gotten to Scandinavia lately, you'll be pleased to know that northern Europe is not as prohibitive as the Cassandras claim. Finnair is offering a trio of tours that would tempt even the most tightly budgeted itinerant. Until May 14, for instance, Finland's national carrier will transport you to Helsinki, put you up in style at the Inter-Continental for five days, feed you breakfast, and get you to and from the airport for $475. From mid-June through early autumn $750 will carry you to Finland's capital for a week. Add $100 to that and you can indulge your sun-worshipping in Rovaniemi, Lapland's luminescent capital, where from June 6 to July 5 the sun is visible 24 hours a day. —**S.O.**

In the Hall of the Mountain King

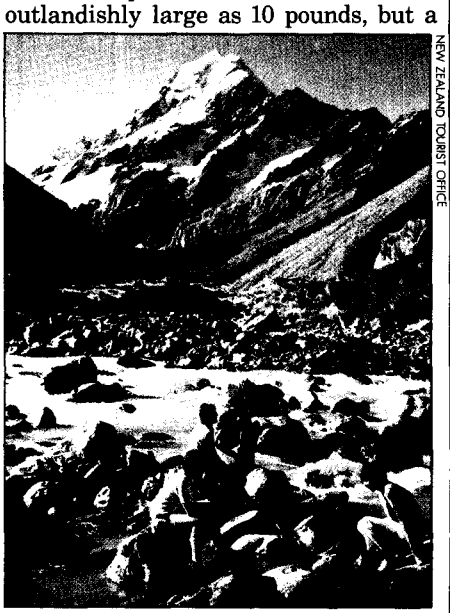
SUMMER, that brief lapse between ski seasons in upcountry Norway, is the economical time to trek the Peer Gynt Trail. Winter's higher rates melt away with the last snows, and for almost half price you can stay at any of the six Peer Gynt hotels strung through the Gudbrandsdal Valley, a three-hour car or train ride north of Oslo. Or hike from one hotel to the next while your baggage is sent ahead by car. At the Wadahl, Fefor, or Gola, $35 to $40 or less will pay for bed and the fullest board you can imagine: enormous breakfast and lunch *koldtbord*, followed by a modest supper you may be too full to face.

Probably the prettiest of the Peer Gynt hotels is the thick-beamed Fefor; in the cozy lounge are photos and paintings of the British explorer Robert Scott who trained here for his ill-fated Arctic expedition. Even cheaper than these mountain hotels are mountain lodges like the Kampeseter, where full board is closer to $20. In the Gudbrandsdal Valley, Peer Gynt is more than a Grieg or Ibsen creation; he is a celebrated 18th-century farmer and outdoorsman whose grave and farm buildings can be seen in the town of Vinstra. Each August Vinstra remembers its favorite son with a Peer Gynt Festival. Look for a hardy, bearded schoolteacher named Odd Kjorstad; he's played Peer Gynt for so many summers he's developed a Norwegian identity crisis. —**D.B.**

Kiwi Capers

T-BONE STEAKS for $6; local wines from the hotel's list for $5.50; room with bath, color TV, continental breakfast, and free telephones for $32.50 a day? That was all back in 1942, you say. Ah, no, that is a sampling of the prices now in New Zealand, a country of alps and fjords and lakes and settlements like Christchurch, more English than Cambridge.

It is a nation without a tourist tax on its hotel bills, a country that turns off television commercials twice a week, a land where hospitals are free not only for New Zealanders but for visitors, too. It is also a place where the trout run as outlandishly large as 10 pounds, but a



NEW ZEALAND TOURIST OFFICE

Mount Cook, New Zealand— "1942?"

good average fish might be three and a half pounds. Trout that measure less than 14 inches go back to mature a bit. If

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"A Ploughman's lunch will

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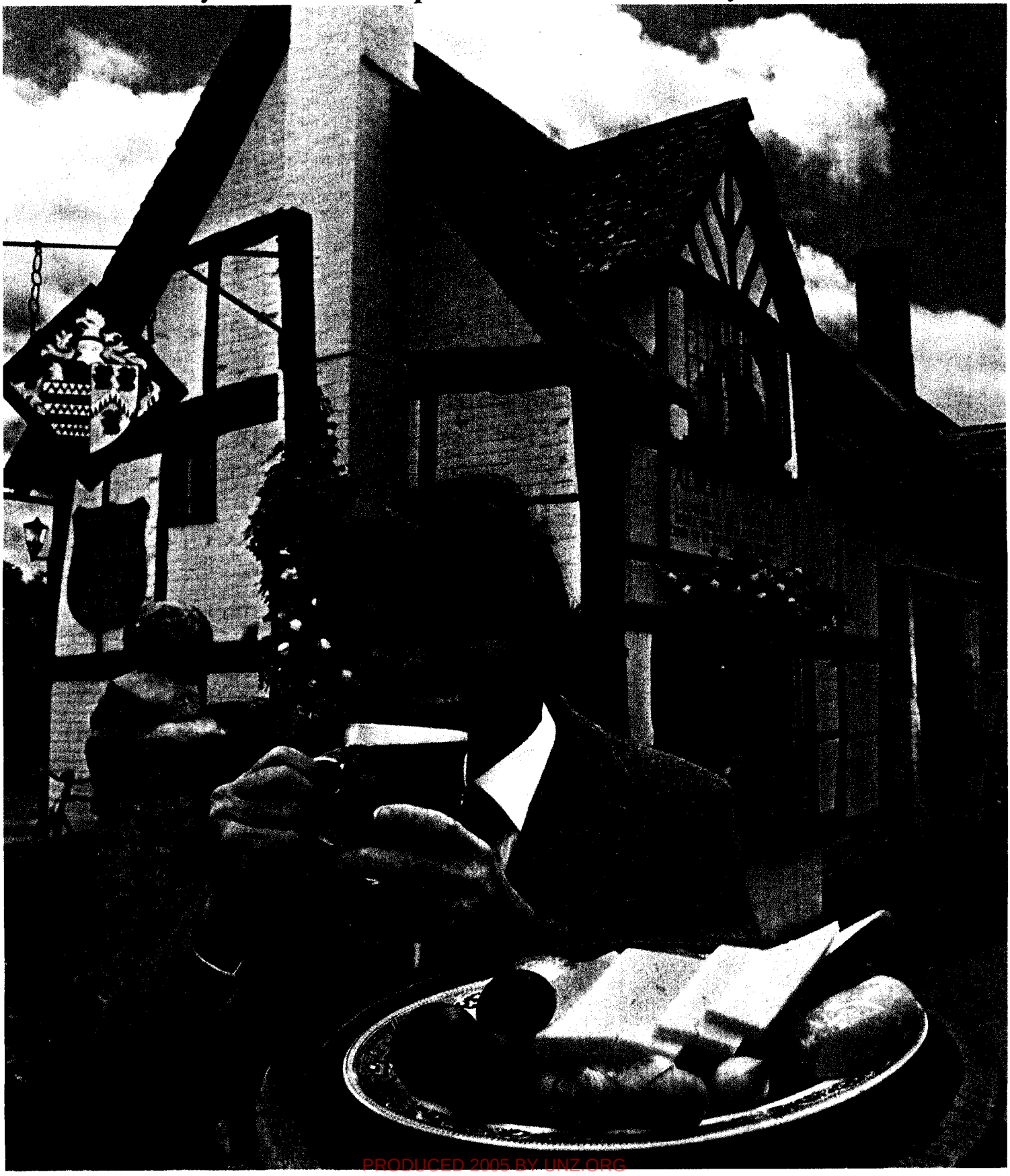

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fill you up for only 95pence."

Barry Jelfs, at The Fleece, Bretforton, Worcestershire

"I'm not a ploughman - I'm a market gardener. But I've a ploughman's appetite. That's why I take my lunch at The Fleece Inn, where a good size plate of Cheddar cheese, tomatoes, pickled onions and bread costs only 95p. That's about $1.95 in your money. And I wash it down with a pint of our good local ale."

Great people. Great values. Great Britain. The pub lunch is a British institution – a low-cost way to feed a hearty appetite. After a morning of sightseeing you'll welcome something solid like a ploughman's lunch, a steaming shepherd's pie, Scotch eggs and sandwiches, or some bangers perhaps (a slightly irreverent name for delicious English sausages).

The pubs themselves are often sights worth seeing, many having served the hungry and thirsty for centuries. So invitingly warm and friendly you'll have a hard time leaving.

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Then your tour takes you up through the countryside, with its manicured villages and stately homes, to Windsor Castle and medieval Oxford. At Stratford-upon-Avon you'll see Shakespeare's home and Anne Hathaway's charming thatched-roof cottage.

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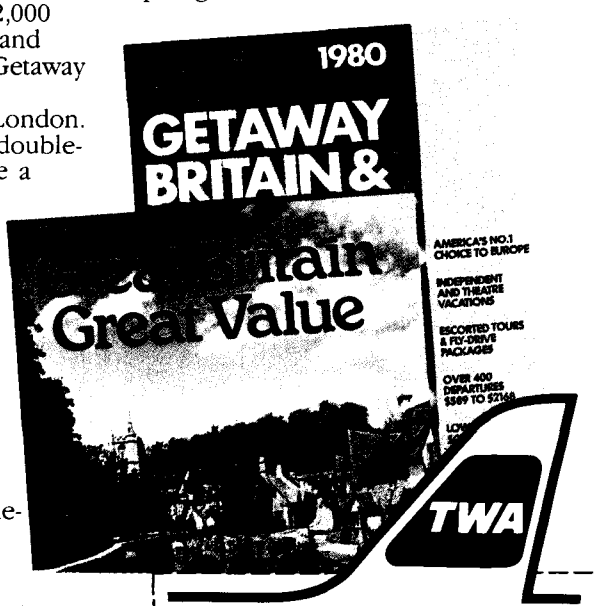
And if you get to The Fleece Inn in Bretforton, just tell them that Barry Jelfs recommended the ploughman's lunch.



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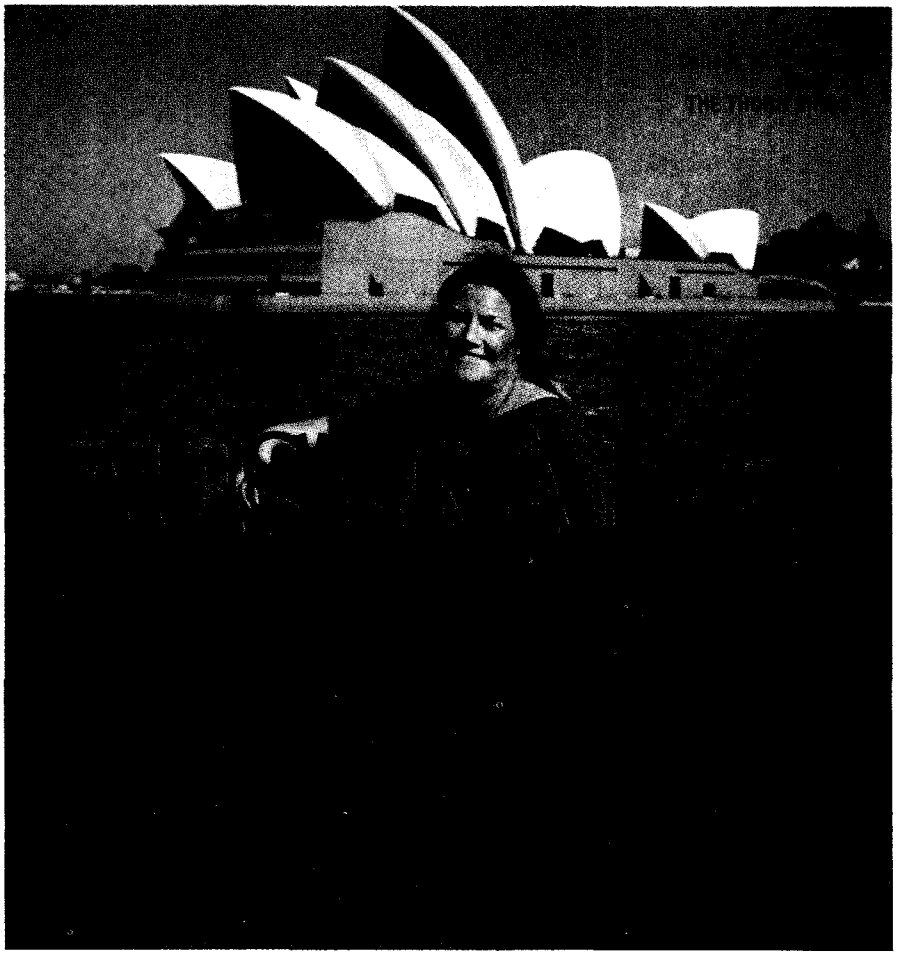

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you can't manage the Matterhorn this year, have a look at Mount Cook. It is 12,349 feet high and the best room in its national park hotel costs $51; a chalet for two, $25 a night. —**H.S.**

O Canada!

IN TIMES OF deep need Canada has always stood by as a reliable and convenient sanctuary. Consider the Loyalists who fled there after Washington's victory at Yorktown; the blacks of the Underground Railroad who made their way out of bondage and found freedom north of the border. Think of the parched who crossed the frontier during Prohibition in search of high spirits, and the draft avoiders who found a haven there from the call of Vietnam. Think of Iran.

This year the boundary-crossers may set new records, for the escapees will be holiday refugees searching out a sanctuary far from inflated prices, gas shortages, and petrol gouging. The Canadian dollar is 15 percent less in value than the American dollar. Or, to put it another way, what costs a Canadian one dollar in Canadian money will cost a visiting American 85¢ U.S. Not only that, but gasoline in Canada costs $1.05 Canadian per imperial gallon, and an imperial gallon is 20 percent larger than an American gallon.

A check with the Canadian Office of Tourism puts the average cost of a double room in the nation at about $40 Canadian. Meals run about $3 for breakfast; $7.50 to $11 for a full lunch; and dinner, without wine, $10 to $15. (All prices in Canadian dollars.)

While the benefits of travel in Canada extend from British Columbia clear across the nation to Newfoundland in the Maritime Provinces, much of the advantage will fall on Ontario, the enormous province that stretches across the top of some of America's most populous centers, from Minnesota in the west clear to New York in the east. A part of that friendly territory is only a tank or a tank and a half of expensive U.S. gas from the nearest cheap Canadian gas. To make it all even more irresistible, a number of taxes originally aimed at tourists have either been lifted or reduced. The hotel tax has been dropped in Montreal, and in Ontario the sales tax has been reduced.

The most popular place in all Canada is not Banff and its bears, or Nova Scotia and its salmon, or even Montreal with all its splendid French restaurants and whisperings of *la vie française en rose*. It is the new Toronto that has emerged as a city of soaring skyscrapers, of myriad restaurants, of a glittering array of hotels from which to choose. It even has a baseball team that has not yet won a

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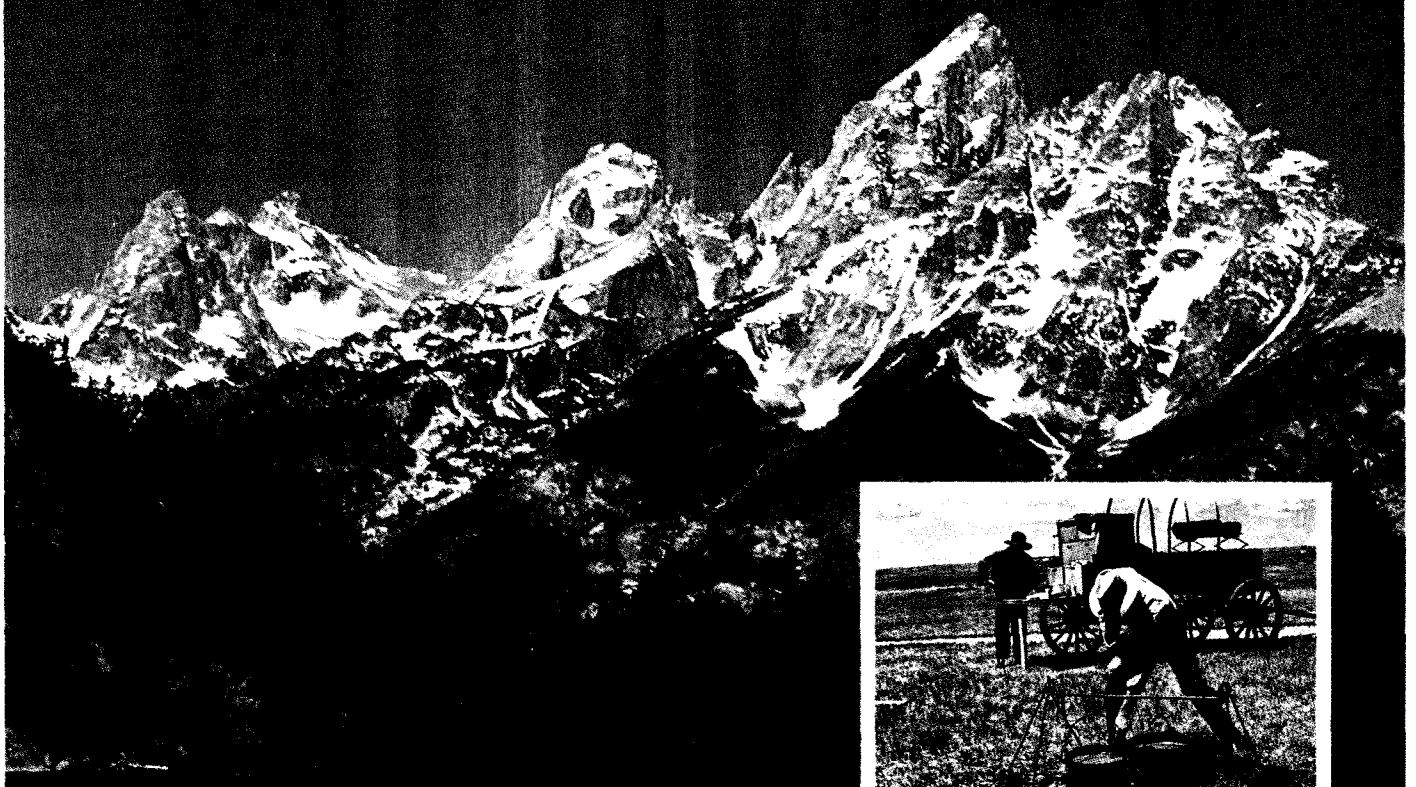
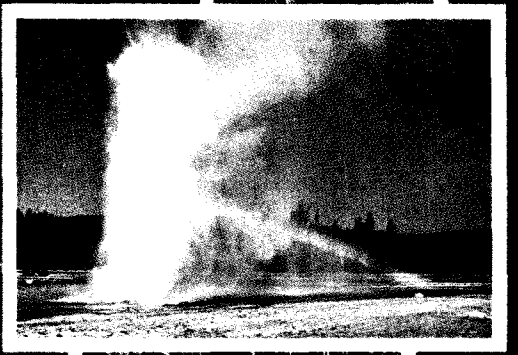
wyoming





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Changeless are the beauties of Cracow's ancient cathedral where Pope John Paul II once served as archbishop. Restored in miraculous detail are the once war-shattered landmarks of Old Warsaw. Older than history, Poland's natural attractions range from the High Tatra mountain peaks to the spacious sandy Baltic beaches.

The one change you *will* find is a number of new, modern hotels and motels. And that's not really a change, but a confirmation of Poland's great tradition of gracious hospitality. More popular a tourist destination than ever before, Poland is a wonderland you can still afford. All inclusive 8-day tours start at just $310. for the land portion!

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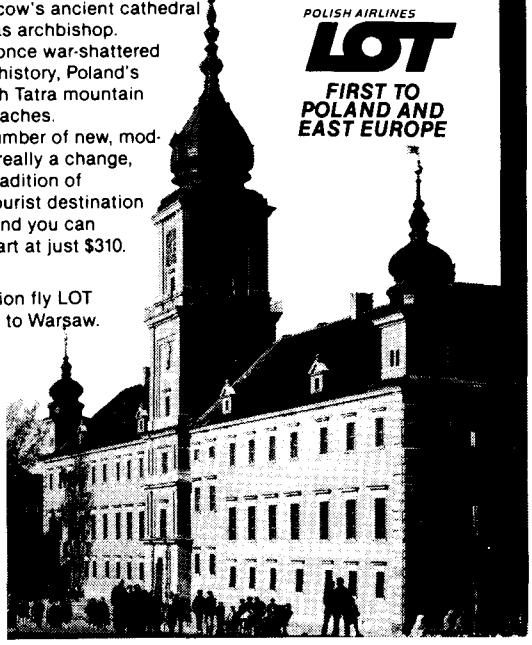

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pennant but gives the city metropolitan panache.

Best of all, Toronto has embroidered its Lake Ontario waterfront with a vast playground called Ontario Place. You pay $2.50 Canadian for adults and 50¢ for children, and for that you can stay all day, visiting the five-story Cinesphere or sitting in the amphitheater to hear symphony or rock or see ballet. There are a zillion other things to do, most of them on pods perched on stilts in the lake. If the weather warms there is a wet playground as well as a dry amusement area. And don't forget the Blue Jays'.

A visit to Toronto's Islands, a seven-atoll archipelago served by ferry boat, all equipped for tennis, swimming, and biking, is a cruise-for-a-day. There are no cars. In town, the subway covers the whole city for 60¢ (adults) and 20¢ (children). You can fall into the Walrus and the Carpenter for steak-and-kidney pie, invade the Organ Grinder for pizza (the Grand Finale will finish you off with pepperoni and mushrooms), meet the young Toronto world in Brandy's, or splurge in the Poseidon in the Harbour Castle Hilton where the gulls and ducks fly sorties over the ferries bound for the islands, and lobsters fetched from New Brunswick don't require a second mortgage when the bill is presented. —**H.S.**

Shirt Tale

TURNBULL & ASSER it's not. But neither are the prices of Cairo's Talaat Harb anything like those of London's Jermyn Street where Turnbull's, Harvie & Hudson and others ask $50 or more for a bespoke cotton shirt. A year ago in Cairo we had three shirts run up for a total of $27, in the prized, long-stemmed Egyptian cotton. The dusty second-floor warren of a shop called Magdi was presided over by a Mr. Malak. Malak means "angel," and so he was, rushing the order in spite of the customary daily electrical breakdowns that bedevil downtown Cairo. Bring a favorite shirt as an example, and don't let Mr. Malak or anyone else along Talaat Harb stuff your cuffs and collars with the board-stiff material they're so fond of using. There is nothing else stiff about the tailors of Talaat Harb, which can't always be said of their brethren on Jermyn Street. —**D.B.**

Hayseed Hiltons

COMBINE THE urban dweller's desire to get closer to nature and the high cost of maintaining a farm and you've got a perfect pair. In the United States the matchmaker has been a lady named Pat Dickerman. Thirty years ago she published a 16-page brochure listing farms in 12 eastern states that would accept

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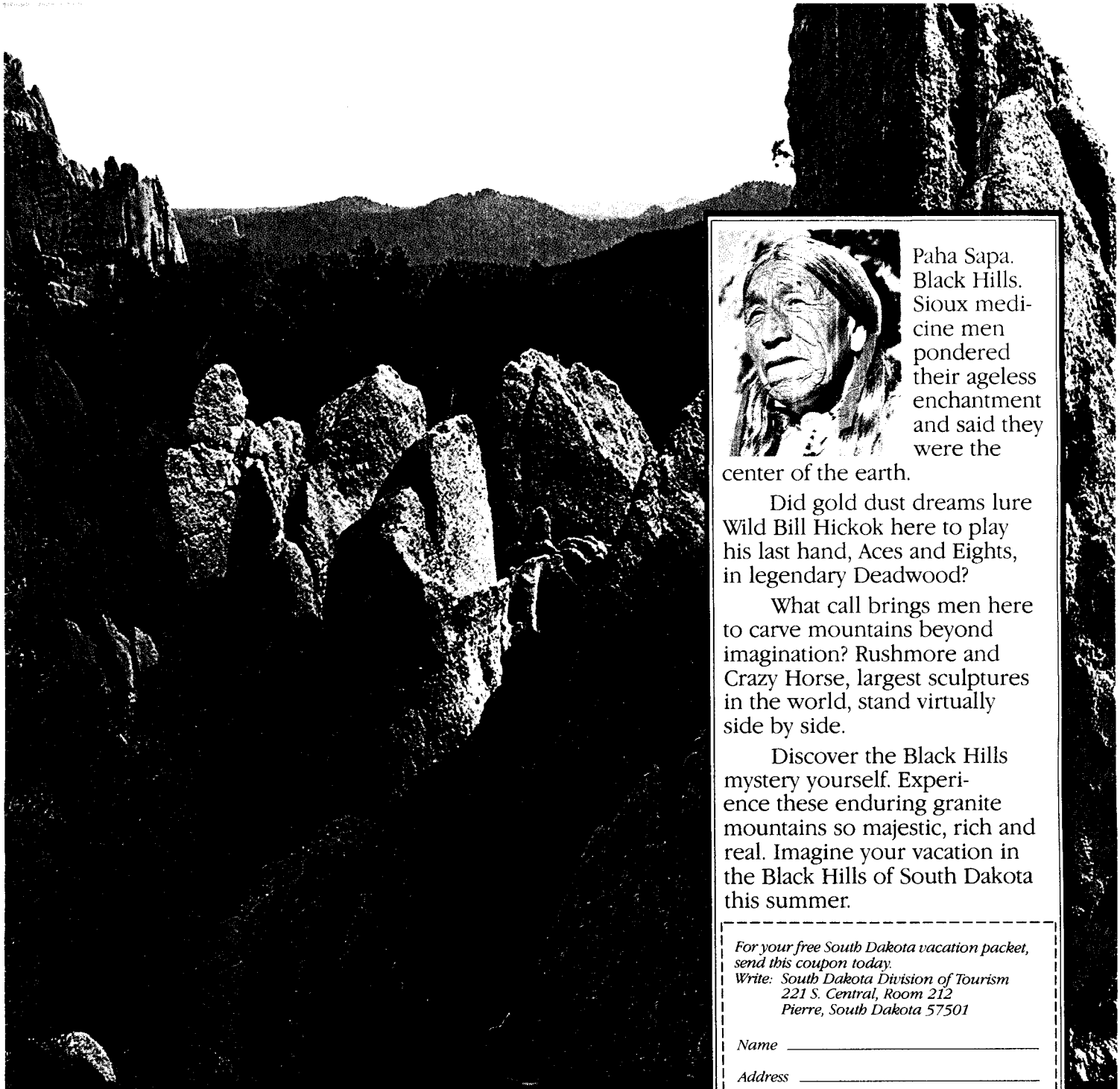

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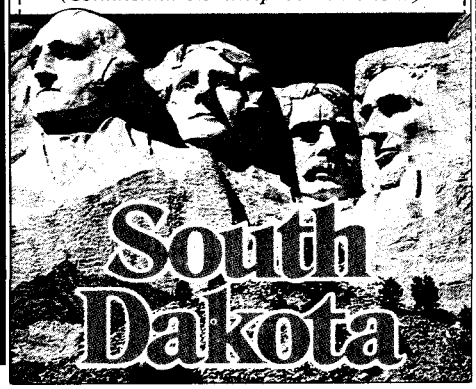

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visitors. Today the pamphlet has burgeoned into a full-length 200-page guide, aptly named *Farm, Ranch & Country Vacations*, that covers all of the United States.

The amount of actual work visitors are permitted to do varies at the different establishments and often depends on the interest expressed. At the large Fiske dairy farm in the Massachusetts Berkshires you can feed the calves and watch the milking of the cows. In East Berlin, Pennsylvania, 50,000 hens at Quality First Acres are helped along not by humans, but by a continuous stream of FM music. The book, which includes ranches and a sprinkling of country inns, is carefully researched, replete with descriptions of accommodations, quotes from long-term patrons, and rates. It's $6.50 from Farm & Ranch Vacations, Inc., 36 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022. —**S.O.**

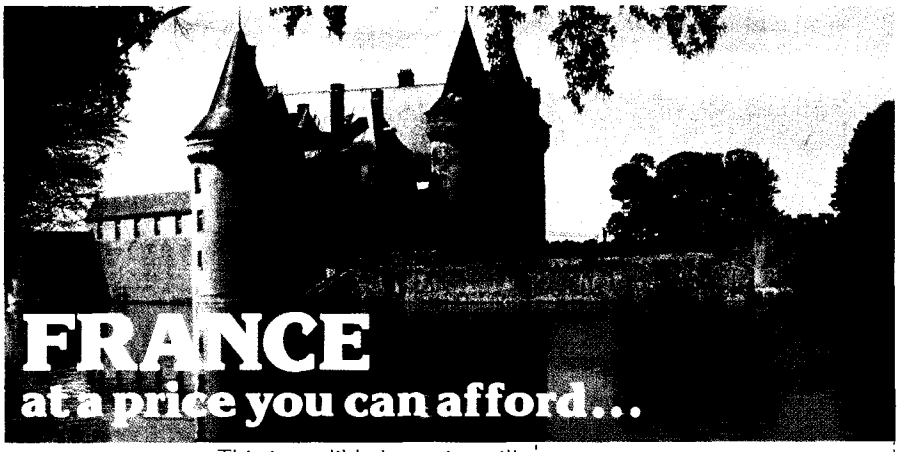
Campus Quarters

A SMALL but formidable book comes from the ivy-filled lanes of Princeton, New Jersey. It's called *Mort's Guide to Low Cost Vacations & Lodgings on College Campuses*. And if you have school anxiety, it would be a good idea to get rid of it. The hallowed halls of American and Canadian universities provide some of the best travel bargains around. Here's one of Mort's descriptions: 18-hole golf course; three swimming pools; water skiing; mountains, canyons, wilderness hikes; stream and lake fishing in the Lewis and Clark National Forest. A resort? No, it's the College of Great Falls in Montana. All yours for a couple of dollars a day (linens are an additional $1.50). Pets prohibited.

My only complaint about Mort's money-saving marvel is that, contrary to the fine print on the cover, not all of the schools mentioned are open to the general public (in a very few cases a relationship with the school seems to be a prerequisite). No matter—there are still enough schools to go around. At $5 the book is a worthwhile addition to your library. For a copy write to CMG Publishing Co., Inc., P.O. Box 630, Princeton, New Jersey 08540. —**S.O.**

Get Thee to a Cannery

HAVE YOU EVER wondered how paper is made, sardines canned, newspapers published, fish hatched? On your next vacation you may find out the answers to these and other questions. In *Made in America*, librarian Susan Farlow has gathered together hundreds of factories, farms, and workshops throughout the Northeast that open their doors to curious visitors each year for free. If you're



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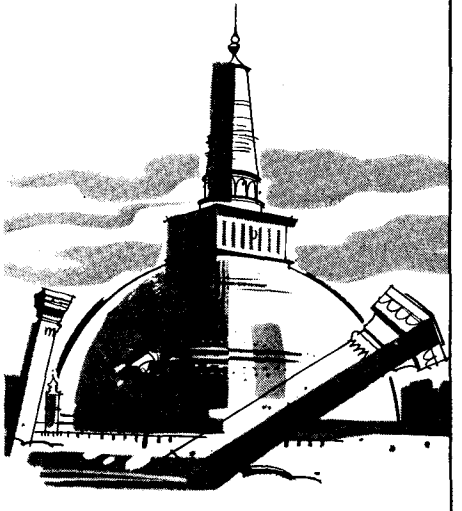

sri Lanka
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in Naugatuck, Connecticut, on a Monday, with a penchant for an Almond Joy, you might make an appointment to see how Peter Paul, Inc. manufactures its sweet delights. Are you interested in journalism? The *Boston Globe* offers a 90-minute tour of its plant complete with a multi-media presentation.

Monopoly fiends might like to observe the making of their favorite game at Parker Brothers' factory in Salem, Massachusetts. What about a visit to the U.S. Mint in Philadelphia? No samples, but you can observe the coinage operation from a glass-enclosed elevated gallery. Farlow has organized her collection by state, but she does provide an industry listing in the front of the book for easy reference. The paperback, published by Hastings House in New York City, costs $7.95. —**S.O.**

Biting the Big Apple

THEATER TICKETS cost $25, restaurant prices are in the stratosphere, and opera seats could cost as much as next year's vacation. So why come to New York? Because it's one of the most exciting places in the world, and if you're willing to get off the inflation-beaten path you will not be disappointed. Here's a list of suggestions for eclectic adventurers:

1) Buy some cheese of your choice, a loaf of bread from Zabar's, New York's divine deli on upper Broadway, and picnic in Central Park.

2) Dine on dim sum delicacies on the Bowery in Chinatown.

3) Nurse a cappuccino and baba rum in the elegant, white-tiled Cafe Roma at 385 Broome Street in Little Italy.

4) Walk across the Brooklyn Bridge; stroll on the promenade in Brooklyn Heights, one of the loveliest historic landmark districts in the country. The view of the Manhattan skyline from there is unrivaled.

5) Take a sunset ride on the Staten Island ferry, at 25¢, still one of New York's greatest but least expensive pleasures.

6) Check out one of New York's more than 120 museums.

7) Explore the remnants of Yorkville on the Upper East Side, capping the day with a cheap but delicious homemade bratwurst at Ideal on East 86th Street.

8) Meander along the old, twisted streets of Greenwich Village. When you feel hungry, wend your way to 285 Bleecker Street to Tavola Calda Da Alfredo, an unpretentious establishment that serves some of the finest northern Italian cuisine in the city. The spaghettini al pesto at $4.50 is unforgettable.

9) Go gallery-hopping in SoHo; stop into Dean & DeLuca's, an emporium designed to drive comestible consumers crazy; grab a hamburger at the Broome

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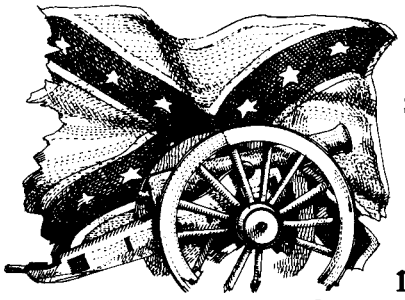
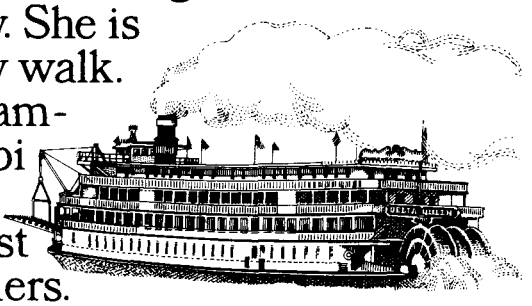
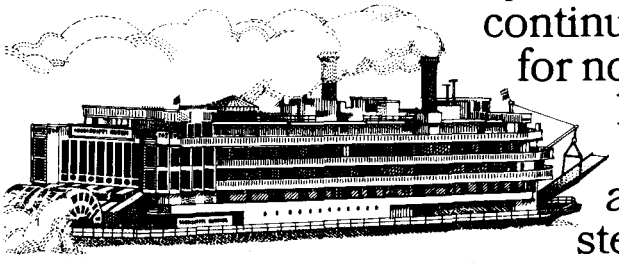
HAUNTING

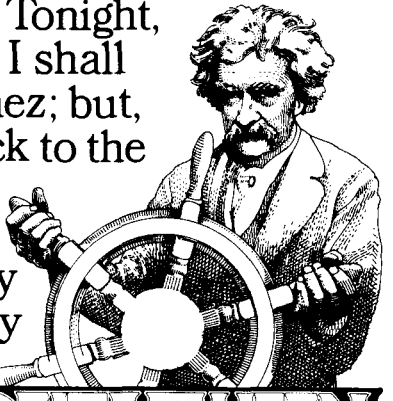


This Vicksburg is a haunting place, its artillery poised in defeat, frozen in time, as if posing for some unseen photographer; its mouldering battlements now the haven for the ghosts of those who besieged and defended it over a century ago. The great steamboat that brought me here lies at rest on the river below. She is as much a part of history as this place I now walk. The Delta Queen® is as authentic as any steamboat ever to ply the waters of the Mississippi or Ohio. As dainty as a drawing room, her brilliant brass fittings reflect her glorious past and mirror the faces of generations of travellers.



She, too, has her ghosts. Her sister steamboat, the Mississippi Queen,® is a most palatial and luxurious vessel. Immaculately modern and beautifully appointed throughout, she carries with her the grand traditions and elegant demeanor of a true river queen. Tonight, over a sumptuous feast, my fellow passengers and I shall continue upriver to Natchez; but, for now, as I wander back to the landing, I have the feeling that I am accompanied on my steamboat journey by endless bits and pieces of history and humanity. Yes, these great boats, the places they visit, the very river itself belong to another age; and I sense that I have rubbed elbows with my heritage, as well as a ghost or two. *Discover the uniquely timeless ambience of a river cruise aboard America's only overnight passenger steamboats, the legendary Delta Queen and the luxurious Mississippi Queen. See your travel agent or fill in the coupon. Money-saving Fly/Cruise options, seasonal pricing, and Port City Discount Packages available.*





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Street Restaurant or take out a sandwich at the SoHo Charcuterie.
10) Take the M4 bus up Madison Avenue and across the northern end of Central Park to St. John the Divine in Morningside Heights. The largest cathedral in the world, it hosts a heavenly group of peacocks in its garden. Then cross the street for croissants and cafe au lait at the Hungarian Pastry Shop, one of Columbia U's best kept secrets. —**S.O.**

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IF YOU CAN RUN, you can walk. Everybody's doing it—seeing America's cities from the ground up. You can go it alone, of course, but in many towns there are organized walking tours led by knowledgeable, trained locals.

In Chicago, Archicenter, 310 South Michigan Avenue, will lead you past all the downtown skyscrapers old and new, pointing out architectural details, sculptures, and history. In nearby Oak Park, you can tour the Frank Lloyd Wright buildings. San Diego, Santa Fe, and Savannah also have guides ready to spring into action at your call. Some tours are individually arranged, others go at appointed times in small clusters of 10 to 20 people; most charge a small fee. Check with the chamber of commerce in the city you are visiting to see what tours are available. —**P.B.**

So You Weren't Going to the Olympics Anyway

IN CASE you were looking for low prices for the proletariat traveler, Russia is not the place. As of the first of 1980, Soviet authorities increased their prices for foreigners from 50 percent to 200 percent. Three Moscow hotels ushered in the New Year by doubling their prices. Costs for meals in hotel restaurants had already been doubled late last year. —**H.S.**

Money and Manila

MANILA'S MAGIC MOMENT is sunset, and the flamingo-pink sky over historic Manila Bay (where Commodore Dewey's U.S. flagships once routed the Spanish fleet and where the Japanese wrought havoc in World War II) is one of the world's most spectacular Technicolor sights. Like much that's exotic and intriguing in the Philippines, it is free.

Free, too, are the band concerts and other happenings in family-oriented Rizal Park across the way from the four-star Bayview Plaza Hotel where $23 buys an attractive, breezy double room and a view of that magnificent bay.

Public transportation makes Manila's

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many attractions easily and cheaply accessible. When a taxi's flag goes down the meter reads 10¢. Each mile is just a few pennies more. Cheaper still are the colorful jeepneys, mobile folk art displays that for 10¢ take you scurrying all over the city. (The weak of heart should stick with cabs.) In traffic-jammed Quiapo, heart of old Manila, rely on a *calesa*, also about a dime. You can't go fast in this market section anyhow, so you might as well travel by these horse carriages. Snail speed provides photo opportunities: mango vendors, basket hawkers, and the strong-faced women selling candles outside venerable Quiapo Church.

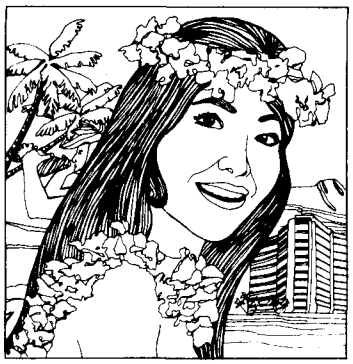
There is much to photograph in Manila's fascinating markets and much to buy as well, for prices here are the Orient's rock bottom. Baskets are the big buy—from 25¢ to $20 for huge carryalls. Designer shoes are exported to Europe for relabeling as chic and costly imports. They start at about $6 here. The archipelago's 7,000 islands yield some of the world's rarest and most costly shells. Such rarities are still relatively inexpensive in Manila shops, even cheaper if you go collecting yourself.

By a mix of cab, jeepney, and public transportation you can explore most of polyglot Manila—the markets, stalls, and the city's Chinatown. Visit the exciting archaeological digs taking place near Santa Ana Church (stop in at the nearby Archaeological Museum). Don't miss the many modern museums along Roxas Boulevard and the stunning architectural complex of the Philippine Cultural Center on reclaimed land along the bay.

Inexpensive as Manila is, life is even cheaper out of town. In villa-like Hotel Albatross in northern Luzan's San Fernando La Union, double rooms at China-Sea level are $15 a day—with full run of the gorgeous and often deserted white sand beach. Go on in—the water's fine and snorkeling is world class. —**P.B.**

Bike Power

BIKE POWER is the answer to the fuel crisis in Wisconsin, a progressive place that makes a habit of tearing up abandoned railroad beds and turning them into country bike paths. There were four such trails, with more in the works, the last time we wheeled through Wisconsin, and the best was the 32-mile run from Elroy to Sparta. You pedal past green dairy farms, strange rock formations that recall a miniature Badlands, cozy farm towns. There are three dark, dripping tunnels, but otherwise the biking is easy. Rent a three-speed for about $5 at the Tunnel Trail Campground near the Elroy entrance, and pick up a



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bike sticker ($1 a day, $3.50 per season) anywhere along the trail. In the town of Norwalk, Iowa, tour the local cheese co-operative, buy some slabs of white Cheddar, get the rest of the fixings in a grocery, and spread out a picnic beneath an oak or maple at trail's edge. —D.B.

Outer Banking

IF YOU CAN DO without golf and tennis, room service and Jacuzzis, the little North Carolina island of Ocracoke will provide all the rest: sunny tranquillity, some of the flattest and finest beaches on the Atlantic Coast, incomparable surf casting, and prices that will more than make up for the gas-consuming drive from civilization. Ocracoke (population 500) lies at the foot of the Outer Banks, a two-hour drive from the mainland-connecting Wright Brothers Memorial Bridge, plus a 40-minute ferry ride across Hatteras Inlet.

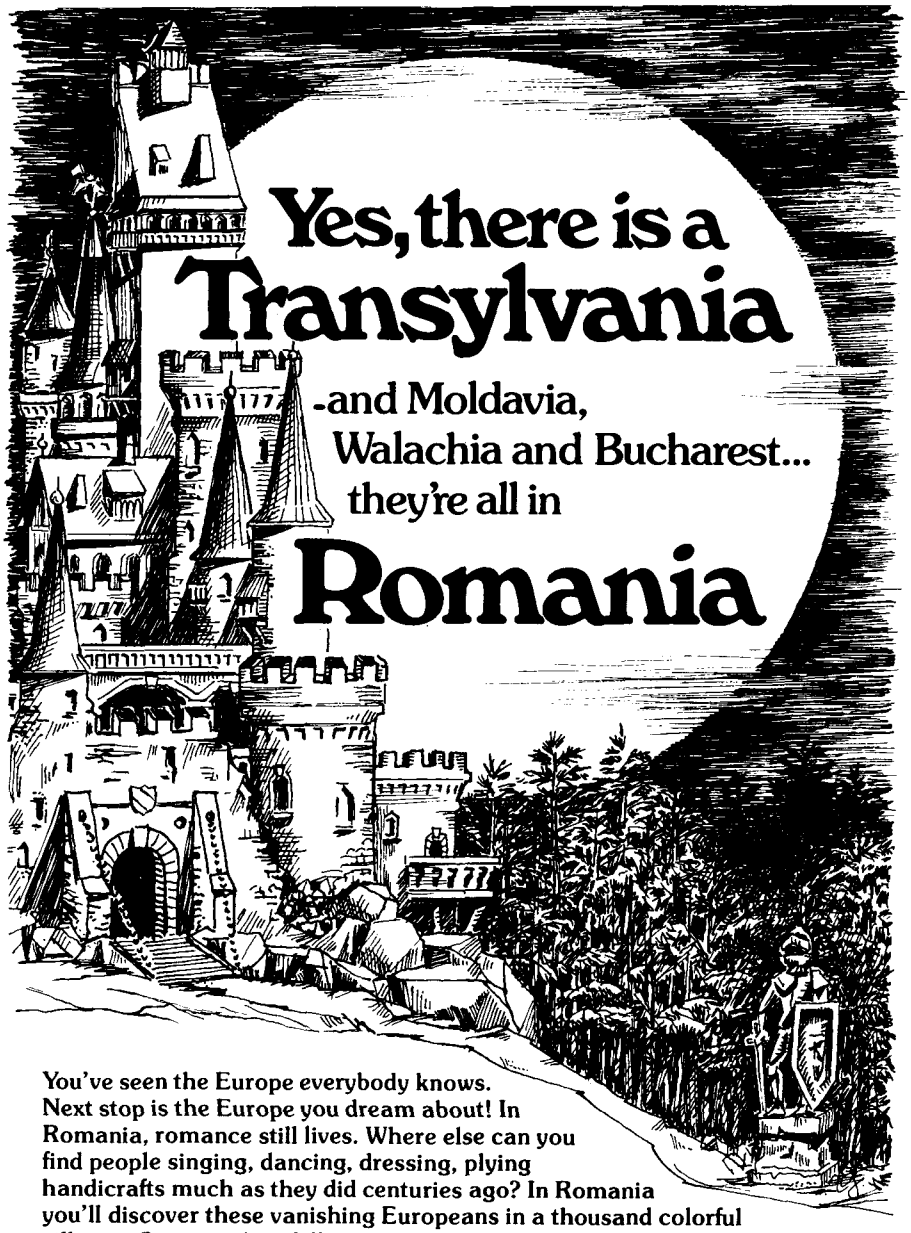
Last time we visited, $32 was the highest-priced hotel room on the island, and the median was closer to the $12 we paid at Mrs. Helena Willis's seven-room Harbor View Guest House. Edward Teach, a.k.a. Blackbeard the Pirate, killed by the Royal Navy near here in 1718, has his shaggy visage on signs, tourist leaflets, even a schoolhouse wall. Under a gnarled oak in the shaded village of Ocracoke is a tiny British cemetery plot with four graves; the victims were on a British ship sunk off the coast by German subs in World War II.

Pick up a 15¢ island map and explore these sights and others on a self-guided tour. Or for 75¢ an hour rent a bike at the Cockle Crick Gift Shop and pedal to the flawless beaches (protected as part of Cape Hatteras National Seashore) or peek in on the remaining 30 Banker ponies, held in a grassy corral near the ferry ramp. It's said they're descended from equine survivors of a long-ago wrecked Spanish galleon. —D.B.

The Inn Places

CASTLES IN SPAIN? Yes. Affordable? Of course. The Spanish government's long-standing program turns old castles, palaces, convents, and other historic buildings into first-rate hotels—at reasonable costs. Most of the 81 *paradores* (as these super hotels are called) are in locales of touristic interest (Granada, Toledo, Malaga) or in places of great scenic beauty (Nerja, Bayona).

The catch? Only that you are limited to no more than 10 nights at a single parador, and some, having few rooms, are booked months in advance. But with so many to choose from there's no problem. Take the parador in Ubeda, for instance. A converted palace located in a



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gorgeous hill town, 40 miles from Granada, 85 miles south of Madrid, Ubeda is slightly off the tourist track. Yet the parador is a delight, furnished with antiques and local handicrafts; the food is good and the mountain views are spectacular. For $26 to $32 for a double room (depending on the season), you can reside in noble fashion. For parador information, or reservations, contact Marketing Ahead, 515 Madison Avenue, Suite 932, New York, New York 10022, or call (212) 759-5170.

Pousadas are Portugal's version of paradores—country inns in interesting locations, frequently (but not always) old convents. There are just 24 pousadas, but each is a source of national pride, furnished in period antiques, with woven rugs and bedspreads and other handmade local accouterments. The buildings are often masterpieces of craftsmanship—with tiled courtyards, marble stairways, and gleaming, polished, wide-planked wooden floors. Breakfast is part of the price, which runs from $34.50 to $47 during high season and $22 to $36.50 during off season. For a brochure, write: Heyward Associates, 245 East 63rd St., New York, New York 10021. —**P.B.**

Keep Ireland Green

IF GREEN is the color of your true love's bankroll, read on. Accommodations range from family hotels with bed and breakfast for $20 a person; to guest houses with meals at $20 a night; to cottage rentals in Galway, Donegal, Limerick, Tipperary, and Mayo for $280 a week in July and August and $125 in off season (five to eight people fit nicely). Ireland's state-owned Coras Iompair Eireann (that means Irish Transport Company) has cooked up a great scheme—they call it the CIE Rambler Ticket—whereby an adult can coast around the country for two weeks via rail and bus for $90. Travelers under 15 pay $45.

The Emerald Isle's pleasures are varied. Castles and gardens are open to the public with admission fees ranging from $1 to $3. Fishing in lakes, streams, and surrounding seas is free. Itinerants drawn to Dublin will find pubs offering lunch with beer for a couple of dollars, theater tickets for $10 or less, the Book of Kells in Trinity Library, and the ghosts of Joyce, Yeats, Wilde, and Shaw. —**S.O.**

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For years the secret weapon for stretching travel funds has been B&B's, a network of rooms available in private homes all over the U.K. Most cost as little as $9 to $11—and that includes a hearty English-type breakfast. An added bonus often is the chance to meet interesting folk—your hosts as well as fellow guests. You can find your own B&B or make a reservation through Book a Bed Ahead, at the local Travel Information Centers which are found in most English towns.

If you're traveling with several friends, it might make sense to rent a flat in London by the week. You can do it through classified ads in the London papers, real-estate agents (British Tourist Authority, 64 St. James Street, SWIA INS, London, can supply you with a list), by checking real-estate boards in inexpensive neighborhoods such as Bayswater. South London Tourist Accommodations, 428 Southcroft Road, Streathham, SW16 6QX, London, can help make reservations for you.

Stateside, AAD Associates, PO Box 3927, Amity, New Haven, Connecticut 06525, (203) 387-4461, has a number of options for you: campus holidays at many British universities (usually available July to September), B&B lodgings, furnished flats, even home-stays with British families. —P.B.

South-of-the-Border Bargains

THE DEVALUATION of Mexico's peso nearly three years ago was meant to set the peso afloat. Once afloat, it soared like a hang glider, until—from 12½ to the dollar—it reached about 23 to the dollar. After the devaluation, prices began to rise, but they hardly went up more than 35 percent, making Mexico a bargain compared with much of the upholstered Caribbean and Hawaii, to say nothing of many countries in Europe. About the only outlandishly priced item to strike us during a recent excursion was the exit tax, a flat 100 pesos for which the airline clerk, not equipped with such a mundane matter as change, soaked us $5 a head. If you have a head, you pay for it.

We've taken a look at big-city hotel prices in the capital: Fiesta Palace, $58 double; Camino Real, $68.90 deluxe double; El Presidente Chapultepec, $37 to $47. The best buys are in leather: suede, shoes, briefcases. Liquor, even Mexican cordials, is no bargain.

In Puerto Vallarta, recently, the Fiesta Americana, a new resort with a huge pool, long strand of beach, assorted restaurants and tennis courts, was prepared to drop to $50 a day commencing

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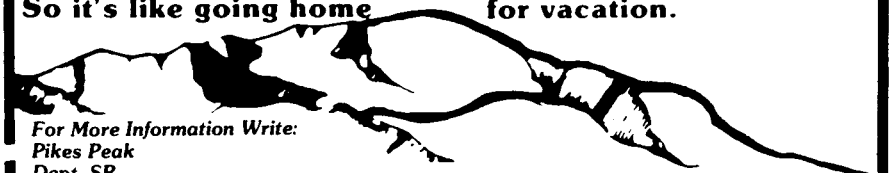

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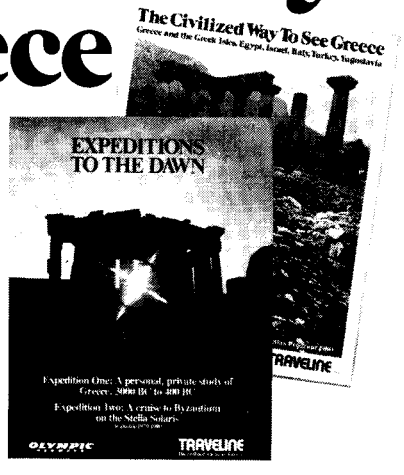

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NEW YORK—Mar. 19—For publicity purposes a well known firm is introducing its new wine for 39¢ a bottle to U.S. residents over 18.

This interesting new wine combines Old World tradition with new technology. One simply empties a small pacquet into a jar of tap water, then adds sugar and forgets it. In 28 days one has wine. *Real* wine. With an alcoholic content of 12% (the same as French Bordeaux).

How can this be? The secret is in the pacquet's blending, which the firm will not disclose. How does it taste? No threat to Chateau Lafite Rothschild '66, but a very decent *vin ordinaire* at 39¢ a bottle (much to everyone's astonishment).

One can make it bone dry like Chablis, semi-dry like Rhine wine, etc., according to preference. No special equipment is needed, and simple directions are on the pacquet. Each pacquet makes five bottles (1 gallon) of wine, and is quite legal.

For RED WINE request Pacquet #C20303; for WHITE WINE request Pacquet #C20311. Each Pacquet is $1.99, but *two* (one of each) may be had for a lesser cost of $3.49. ($1 is required with all requests to defray shipping & handling.) *No more than* two (2) pacquets will be shipped to any address.

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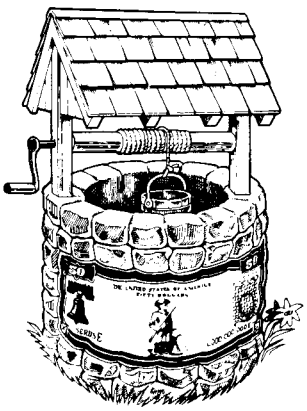
Wishing well.



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May 5 for a double room overlooking the sea. The same price will hold for the Condesa Del Mar in Acapulco. Dinner one night at the new La Paloma, with drinks, came to a modest $15.

Near Manzanillo, the new Club Maeva, built on the bay that adjoins Las Hadas, the *ne plus ultra* resort that appears in *10*, has 268 housekeeping apartments with rates at $82 a night for a bedroom that sleeps two, $96 for an apartment that will put up eight. There's a $10-a-day reduction for a week's stay. —H.S.

Gas for Gringos

THE GOOD OLD DAYS are alive and well and living in Mexico. There the price of gasoline comes to 68¢ a gallon for regular and about 80¢ for no-lead. Motorists who would consider driving through Mexico as though it was all carefree yesterday, with nary a petrol problem in the world, are forewarned that American automobile insurance is not valid south of the border. Insurance that will keep you out of the Mexican slammer can be bought on the American side in border towns, a principal purveyor being one Dan Sanborns. Coverage is bought for the day, week, or month, protecting the driver in matters of third-party coverage in case one collides with a lamppost, a cow, or a Mexican. American insurance covers damages to the gringo car and/or tourist. —H.S.

Make a Pass at France

AIR INTER, the domestic airline that fetches people all over France, issues a France Pass good for unlimited travel to 32 cities from Lille to Corsica. The cost is $177 for one week, $275 for two. Tied to the France Pass is what they call—inevitably—the French Connection, in reality the Hilton International Orly. You pay $40 a day single, $49 double, tax and service included.

The idea is that early each morning you leave for somewhere: the Riviera today, Lyon for the *cardons à la moelle* tomorrow. If its Tuesday it could be a ramble through the Roman ruins of Nîmes and Avignon. It might be a final schuss of the season at Grenoble, a journey to seek a miracle at Lourdes, fill in missing pieces of the family chinaware at Limoges or Quimper. To Strasbourg for a fabled *choucroute garnie*, ending, of course, on the last day, at Vichy to have the liver retuned. Each evening the Hilton bus takes you back to the same bed at the Orly Hilton, just three minutes from the airport. No charge. Also, no packing and unpacking, no luggage to lug, no long hours on the highway.

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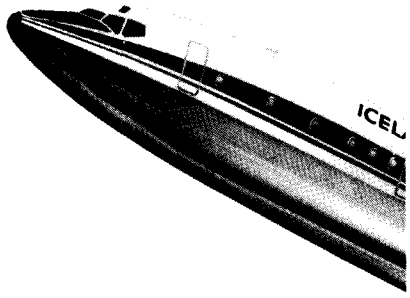

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Orly Hilton has 388 rooms, all air conditioned, shows English-language movies, provides both a coffee shop and a creole restaurant called La Louisiane where the Parisians come for imported soft-shell Maryland crabs and what a maître d'hôtel once described to me as "peck-in" pie. If your plane comes in late—well, they *do* sometimes—the hotel has 24-hour room service.

If you still have energy left after a day chasing the ghost of Empress Eugénie at Biarritz or pursuing the grape in Bordeaux, Paris is only a 20-minute ride from the hotel. That aside, Maxim's has a splendid, elegant restaurant at Orly West, and the lower level of the airport is a giant shopping center with a supermarket selling everything from *pâté* to bowling balls for *pétanque*. —H.S.

Half-Priced Hellas

A ROOM in a private house on the whitewashed island of Mykonos could cost as little as $5 a day. Or, in Athens, one can sit under the stars near the Acropolis and for $2 watch one of Greece's most famous dance companies (Dora Stratou) perform ancient dances that might have entertained Agamemnon. For the same price one can hear John Gielgud's recorded voice narrate the long, tear-stained history of the Acropolis, while lights play on the stone and sculpture of the Parthenon.

By day, one can sit for hours over dessert and thick, syrupy "Greek" coffee (they used to call it Turkish) at an outdoor cafe or at a sweetshop, watching the passing crowds. On Sunday morning the bargain hunters are at Monastiraki, Athens' labyrinthine flea market.

It's a no-cost excursion to take a self-conducted walking tour of the Agora where St. Paul preached and Pericles's Athenians congregated. In the peaceful, wisteria-bordered National Garden the monkeys, peacocks, and deer are at play. The admission is nominal (free some days) at the National Archaeological Museum with its enormous collection of magnificent sculpture and artifacts collected from tombs and excavations all over the country. Dine as the Greeks do on succulent, rosemary-edged roast lamb, sizzling *saganaki*, and the most delicious salads in the world for as little as $6 to $8 at an unpretentious taverna.

Outside of Athens island-hop by local boats or ride the local buses to such famous sites as Delphi and Sounion's Poseidon temple. And look for Xenias, those cheerful, handsomely appointed hotels like pared-down paradores where rooms run $25 or less. —P.B.

Vive le Pique-Nique

THE MOST MEMORABLE culinary adventure may not have been lunch at Haeberlin's Auberge de L'Ill or dinner at Roger Vergé's den above Cannes, as impressive as those interludes were. What comes back to the mind time after time are those alfresco last-minute things put together with friends in unlikely places. Take the Sunday in Corsica when we got a big fruit basket and went from shop to shop in Cargese picking up spicy boar salami, great crusty breads, dry and crumbly Corsican cheese, blackbird pâté, and heavy Corsican wine. Then we drove up a hillside away from the coast where all the Sunday families had come to spread their lunch on the beach. We found a storybook dell with great chestnut trees rising like cathedral pillars, a canopy of green to shade the sky, and a broadloom of ferns underneath.

A picnic lunch, not put up at the hotel but bought in the shops, will help any band of travelers stay within budget and provide some paste-ins for an album that a restaurant, however Cordon Bleu, would be hard to duplicate.—H.S.

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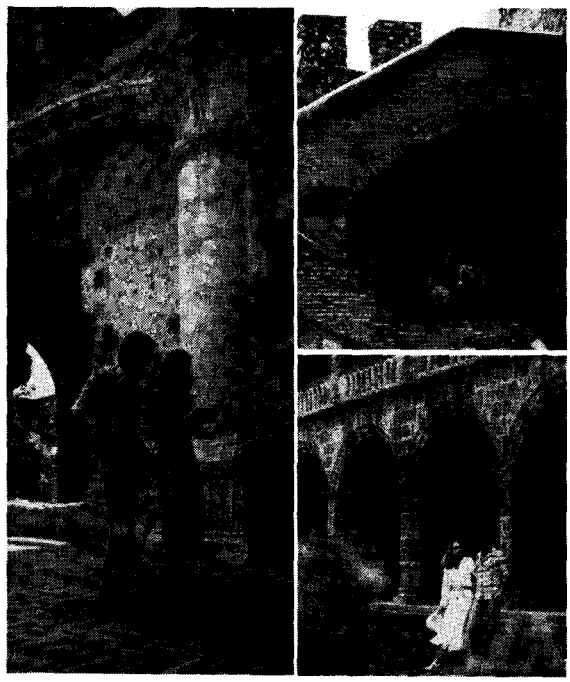

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A SPECIAL TRAVEL SECTION IN OUR APRIL 26th ISSUE

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Future Fluff

by Robert Coover

The Third Wave
by Alvin Toffler
Morrow, 448 pp., $14.95

Toffler has attempted to compartmentalize an era—and proclaim himself a prophet.

WE HAVE BEEN hearing a lot, over the past quarter of a century, about the "postindustrial age," which presumably is upon us, or soon will be. Space exploration has made us more aware of the earth as a fragile life-support system, potentially threatened by traditional industry, and long before the recent oil crises we had come to understand that our stores of many of the raw materials used by industry were finite and unrenewable. At the same time, technological advances in automation, cybernetics, telecommunications, molecular biology, solid-state physics, and the like have made a number of our clumsier and more wasteful production methods obsolete—and many of the products as well—and have alerted us to a wide range of new social problems, some apocalyptic.

So, the invention of a universal yet embryonic metaphor like "the postindustrial age" is both consoling and exciting, for not only does it give us an apparent pattern where before there was none, absorbing and in some manner explaining the myriad confusions and contradictions of our daily life, but it also seems to provide us a glimpse, by way of projection, into the future. Things are often *not* what they seem, it is true, and a novel turn-of-phrase can often tear the scrim away. Thinking about a "postindustrial age," for example, might lead one to notice that the "gross national product" as a measurement is a mere convention of our times, and perhaps a crude and irrelevant one at that.

There are risks, of course, in imagining the world devoid of some major force which in fact is still very much with us—it's easy for such a thing to run you down when you are not looking. Moreover, visions of human history that perceive the present or imminent future as "post" anything (our age has also been called post-Christian, post-Freudian, posthistorical, postmodern, post-Enlightenment, post-Newtonian, etc.) tend all too often to reduce the entire complex saga of life on earth—by definition, as it were—to the simplistic formula of past, present, and future (or past and present perfect, present progressive), with a vastly disproportionate amount of the story generally subsumed under the first term.

These visions also contain something transparently narcissistic. To be so privileged as to be able to watch an entire age fall away before one's eyes is very flattering. We would all like to believe that we live at the world's most exciting moment, that our lives are significant in history. Even if we suffer (become an unemployed steel or auto worker, for example), at least we can say we were there. All the more so if the new age is worth achieving: The crossing may be hazardous, but the end is glorious.

Not that all postwhatever metaphors attempt to embrace the whole world and all its history. Indeed, the very selection of the pivotal term tends by itself to limit any such metaphor's general applicability, even when the prophet fails to notice this. The idea of "preindustrial" and "postindustrial" societies, omnivorous as it is, may still leave room for other coeval yet very different schemes. The idea may be liberating, even if it does leave out half the story and distort the rest.

Only the distortions and omissions re-

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main, however, when this elementary time frame gets transfigured—or disfigured—as it does in Alvin Toffler's newest soothsaying exhibition, *The Third Wave*, into that old Joachimite heresy, the ancient myth of the "three ages of man."

Joachim of Fiore was a 12th-century exegete and self-proclaimed prophet who, born in turbulent times, came to believe that mankind, having already experienced the Age of the Father and the Age of the Son, was about to witness the dawn of the new Age of the Holy Spirit. These three ages overlapped each other in his vision like successive waves, the first beginning with Adam and ending with Christ, the second beginning back with Uzziah and ending in the near-present time (1260, to be exact, such exactitude undoing him), the third beginning with St. Benedict in the 6th century and continuing to the end of the world. The first age was characterized by a life of labor; the second by a life of discipline; the third by a life of love, liberty, and joy. This last was to be achieved, however, only after great tribulation, and Joachim's "theology of revolution" was seen as justification for helping to accelerate the arrival of the Third Age through revolutionary initiative.

Alvin Toffler of Connecticut is a 20th-century exegete and self-proclaimed futurist who, born in turbulent times, has come to believe that mankind, having already experienced the Agricultural Age and the Industrial Age, is about to witness the dawn of the new Age of the Prosumer, the telecommunity, and the cosmic playroom. These three ages overlap each other in his vision like successive waves, the first beginning "roughly ten millennia ago" and dying out over the past century (the American Civil War, the Meiji Restoration in Japan, the Russian Revolution of 1917 are all seen as successive last stands by First Wave defenders), the second beginning about "three hundred years ago, give or take a half-century," and ending in the present time ("There is a sick odor in the air. It is the smell of a dying Second Wave civilization ...."), the third beginning "about 1955" (why not?) and continuing, if not to the end of time, at least until he can get the next book written. The First Wave was characterized by a life of labor in a struggle against nature, the Second Wave by a life of regimentation in a 9-to-5 electromechanical factory, the Third Wave by what "could ... turn out to be the first truly humane civilization in recorded history." It is to be achieved, however, only after a worldwide "superstruggle," which is already "tearing our families apart, rocking the foundations of our economy, paralyzing our political systems, shattering our values." Toffler hopes that his "revolutionary premise"—that the "giant transformation" requires "upheavals, turbulence, perhaps even widespread violence" —will be seen as justification for helping to accelerate the arrival of the Third Wave through techno-rebellious initiative.

Although his works were to infect generations down to our own, Joachim was not a very good writer (he was often confused, self-contradictory, florid, and obscure), and neither is Alvin Toffler. As we already know from his best-selling *Future Shock* and his influential little *Eco-Spasm Report*, wherein "misery and fury stalk the country" and "the imagination runs riot with possibilities," Toffler has a weakness for gigantism, paralogisms, bold but ultimately vacuous "quantum leaps" of the imagination, evangelical zeal, sweeping generalizations, comic-book imagery, polemics, rant, and unbridled neologomania.

The Third Wave is essentially more of the same, a kind of overheated *Reader's Digest* of current futuristic speculations. In it we are asked to believe that everything from women who keep their husbands waiting and the DIY fad to primal scream therapy and Jimmy Carter's nervous vacillations are all an integral part of his three-wave schematism. They are signs along the way, as it were (*everything* fits—or can be made to), toward that "remarkable new civilization ... the deepest social upheaval and creative restructuring of all time" that it is our "destiny to create."

Toffler cannot find a word for this new world (for once he is at a loss!) except to call it the "Third Wave," which is characterized by a spread of home computers and individualized telecommunications; an enthusiasm for transnationalism and regionalism (as opposed to nationalism), the collapse of bureaucracies, more diversity and tolerance in sexual and family matters; boom times for space, oceanic, electronic, and biological industries (yes, that old "Second Wave" word sticks to him like flypaper); and the end of imperialism, racism, sexism, and dehumanizing work. As for that tiresome old "Second Wave" dispute between capitalists and Socialists, which now divides the world, it will simply be irrelevant. We will all be happier, healthier, saner, less lonely, more humane and loving, self-reliant and innovative, and younger, prettier, and wittier as well.

Joachim of Fiore's mind, we know, was rather severely warped by his two-part Bible history, the dogma of the Trinity, Neoplatonism, and the apocalyptic fantasies of the Book of Revelation, but the same cannot be said of Toffler. Although we can only conjecture, his mind would seem to have been warped by Hollywood B-movies ("Look out or we'll all be killed!") and publicity handouts ("Never before in human history ... !"), *Time*-ese (e.g., those punchy little subtitles), Neosophism, and the random superficial input of his own "blip culture."

Of course, Neosophism (if I were to be so bold as to label our times, I think I might call it the "Age of the New Sophists") need not result in such inflated or simplistic work. Indeed, *The Third Wave* might be said to give the movement a bad name, for in its sophomoric overstatement it both reveals the nature

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of Neosophistic thought and mocks it.

Sophists, new and old, are characterized by their vision of a world in flux where everything is changing and man creates his own destiny. Ideas about the world are seen to come and go and return again, metamorphosing in various guises and contexts, following fashions, and from this flow the Sophist learns how to handle and manipulate the fashions of his time. There is no ultimate synthesis available, only constant choice making; thus a crucial difference between Toffler's and Joachim's visions is that Toffler's "Third Wave" must give way to a fourth, while Joachim's "Third Age" is a final synthesis.

Sophists tend to accept a pluralism of "truths" even while arguing for their own version of it, using a rhetoric devoted to persuasion, with bold hypotheses, vigorously defended, and universal metaphors, tending to focus on "power" (e.g., "knowledge is power") and "action" ("knowing is doing"). Therefore, Toffler's dismissal of all the current debates over who should own what by consigning them to a "past" that has not yet occurred is a blatant and transparent but genuine eristic maneuver. Just as when he sets up the presumed "enemy"—namely, the neanderthals and superstitious fantasists of the First Wave, who are anachronistic holdovers, and the even more dangerous blockheads of the Second Wave, who either are too hidebound to see the light or are hanging on selfishly to Second Wave power positions. The rest of us are the good guys who care about the problems of "food, energy, arms control, population, poverty, resources, ecology, climate, the problems of the aged, the breakdown of the urban community, the need for productive, rewarding work" and for "humanizing the technological thrust." You are supposed to choose which side you are on and join up. Knowledge is action.

The great tool of the New Sophists is the computer, now augmented by telecommunications. In its either-or operations, it even *thinks* like a Sophist, and though it has its duller moments, it can be highly creative, mixing random bits of information into the most astonishing and sometimes insightful combinations and projections. Everything depends on information input and proper programming, and then on asking the right questions: Operators dream, as did other operators of bygone ages, of the perfect formula that will, in a wild bell-ringing printout, unlock the secrets of the universe. Well, *The Third Wave* patently is not it. But as Alvin Toffler, that old pitchman himself, might say: Hang on to your hats, folks, the enterprise has just begun!

Robert Coover's A Political Fable *will be published by Viking this summer.*

The Clatter of Moral Fiction

Freddy's Book
by John Gardner
Knopf, 256 pp., $10

Reviewed by Thomas LeClair

LISTEN, MY CHILDREN, and you shall hear." If times were better, if the elder poet still had a seat near the fire, that would be John Gardner's way to begin a story—preparation for a dream in voice, a call for thralldom. Having written stories for his children, children's books, and a narrative—*In the Suicide Mountains*—read by children and adults alike, Gardner now gives us a child's book: a tale of 16th-century battles with the Devil told by a "monster" adolescent named Freddy.

Freddy's Book is about, as well as by, Freddy Agaard. In a long prologue to Freddy's tale, an argumentative psychohistorian named Jack Winesap tells how he was led to the boy's lair in a modern House of Usher. The elder Agaard, an embittered professor of Scandinavian history, has let his obese, eight-foot-tall son dead-bolt himself in a room of old histories and imagination where he has written his story. Invited to see and possibly help Freddy, the much-published Winesap treats Freddy as a fellow writer rather than as a monster. In return, Winesap is presented with—and presents to us—Freddy's book, "King Gustav and the Devil."

The tale could be read by Freddy's fellow adolescents, but Freddy is no Huck Finn *naif*. "King Gustav and the Devil" is literate in its surfaces and literary in its thought, more Gardner's than Freddy's. Freddy's story takes place just

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after the Bloodbath of Stockholm, an atrocity that in 1520 brought Gustav Vasa to the throne of Sweden and his country into the modern world of secular government, economics, and propaganda. It is a time when Satan leaves the country night for city lights, dies as a dragon and becomes a condition.

On this instructive cusp of Swedish history are Gardner's familiar antagonists: hope and despair. A good country knight named Lars-Goren helps the young Gustav come to power, only to find that urban life and court intrigues can blanch one's faith. Back at home, Lars-Goren's son questions his father's approval of a witch-burning. While trying to sort out the confusion of new times, Lars-Goren is betrayed by Gustav: The simple knight is ordered to slay the Devil. Accompanying Lars-Goren on his mission is Bishop Hans Brask, an historic figure with up-to-date anguish. City-bred homophile, scholarly sophist, and power broker, one-time ally of Gustav, Brask has also been sentenced to the impossible quest.

Gustav Vasa is the world of Sweden then and represents the outside world of Freddy now. Brask's physical weakness and despair are father Agaard's, while the eight-foot-tall yet gentle Lars-Goren is the freakish Freddy made a knight. Gardner adds a shadow here, erases darkness there, gives his 16th-century characters gestures and actions; but for much of this novel Lars-Goren and Brask are mouths on horseback.

It is a long ride to Lapland, where the Devil has his home. Once the history is cleverly colored in and the moral complications done, I don't object to disputation. But I do think the subjects—art and language—are an authorial intrusion that spoils this book and points to the weaknesses of Gardner's recent work. A quite natural dialogue of hope and despair turns into an aesthetic argument between the knight of moral fiction and the bishop of empty rhetoric, a debate between communication and performance, substance and elegance, emotional response and dead perception, John Gardner and a "stylist" who might be mistaken for William Gass. The book's self-consciousness—its self-reference and its nervousness—is Gardner's fault, not Freddy's, because the same kind of defensive contentiousness mars *October Light* and *On Moral Fiction*.

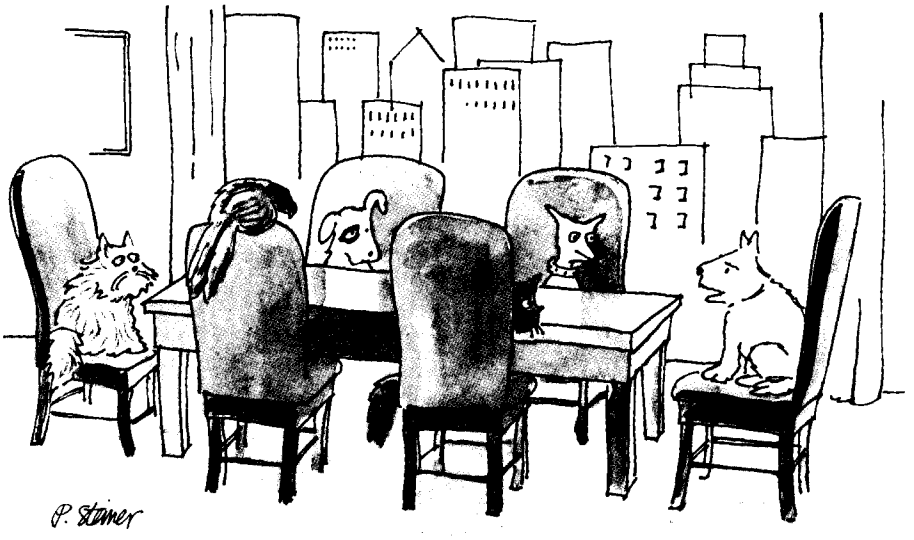
Gardner wants, he has said, the old storyteller's magic—"a vivid and continuous dream"—but he has so little confidence in his reader and in his own ability to do the trick that he repeatedly breaks into the dream he's making to argue that the continuous dream is what art should be. Anxious about the old-fashioned family chronicle he wants to tell in *October Light*, Gardner interrupts the Vermont story with fragments of a trashy innovative fiction to rig his case for traditionalism. With its refrain of "Life follows art," *In the Suicide Mountains* casts an unnecessary sidelong look at itself. And in *On Moral Fiction*, Gardner's bombastic exaggerations and his attacks on writers who satisfy his aesthetic criteria at least as well as he does reveal a writer ill at ease with himself.

"Art begins in a wound," Gardner says in *On Moral Fiction*, "and is an attempt to learn to live with the wound or to heal it." Freddy heals his wound—his difference from others, the country-boy feeling of not being good enough—by composing himself into Lars-Goren, the heroic knight. That Gardner "lives with" an analogous, perhaps quite similar wound—the sense of being a literary misfit—is quite explicitly suggested by the prologue. It could be called an "authobiography," a self-portrait of Gardner as writer and defense of his imagination.

Agaard, like Gardner, is a medieval scholar who knows the worst about the world. As psycho-historian and active disputant, Winesap stands for the mimetic novelist and critic. Freddy is what makes Gardner the author different and what gives his imagination vitality—the youthful and hopeful fantasy, the vivid dream. But *Freddy's Book*, interesting and entertaining by turns, is no dream. Rather it is an interpretation of a dreamer, another argument for but failure to write the fiction that will ravish us into innocence, make us listening children as we read.

As a novelist and a critic, John Gardner is an energetic talker. His recent books have the anecdotal interest, unpredictability, and earnest force of speech. But talk can be bumptious and careless of fact, quick to judge and slow to credit, satisfied with simplification, proud of volubility. These are the qualities of Gardner's work that make him one of our noisiest writers.

Thomas LeClair is a professor of English at the University of Cincinnati.



"Let's face it. Giving a grant to 'Masterpiece Theatre' couldn't hurt our corporate image."

Life in the Fast Lane

On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors
by J. Patrick Wright
Wright Enterprises, distributed by Caroline House, 237 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by William G. Flanagan

THERE IS an old saw in the auto business that goes something like this: Unless your name is on the building you had better toe the mark. John De Lorean's name was not on the building in his years at General Motors, although it definitely is now at De Lorean Motor Corporation, his own fledgling auto concern that this year is scheduled to produce $16,000 sports cars in, of all places, Northern Ireland.

The irony is this: When John Zachary De Lorean was the hottest young executive seen in years at Pontiac, Chevrolet, and finally on the corporate staff at GM, he did not toe the mark. He eschewed boardroom woolens for European-cut garb. He fooled around with actresses and models and married two of them. He partied with race-car drivers. He dyed and styled his hair. He listened to rock music.

He made millions for GM all the while of course, which is why he was able to bend more executive noses out of shape than Chevy crimped fenders. Then, with the ultimate victory in view, just when the presidency was easily within his grasp, De Lorean chucked it all and resigned in "frustration."

Today, John De Lorean wears those

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boardroom woolens. His hair is gray. His idea of a good time is to take his wife and kids for a stroll in Central Park on Sundays. And he worries about emissions controls and engineering problems and marketing studies as much as any of those GM executives he once looked upon so contemptuously.

He is, obviously, a man of contradictions. With his wounds still smarting, he poured out his guts to Pat Wright, a writer for *Business Week* magazine, and those talks became *On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors*. But when the book was set in type, De Lorean, in an almost predictably schizoid move, withdrew it from publication.

Ultimately, Wright published the book on his own, without De Lorean's imprimatur. Yet De Lorean is now taking the bows for a book he didn't have the nerve to publish.

The book is a damning indictment of much of GM management, but it is also proof that John De Lorean must have been hell for his GM superiors. This engineering genius (over 200 patents) who grew up in the shadow of assembly plants with the odor of new car seats in his nostrils, refused to be a "team player," so much so that he became difficult, to say the least, to work with.

Written in the first person, much of the book reads like letters a draftee might have written to his sweetheart, complaining about his drill sergeant. Too often the author is annoyingly self-righteous, and even downright naive. "It seems to me there was (and is) a cancerous amorality about this system," he says, speaking of GM's emphasis on profits and cost control. Yet it was exactly those concerns that led him to yank his auto manufacturing plant out of Puerto Rico and move it to Northern Ireland, leaving thousands of prospective employees beached.

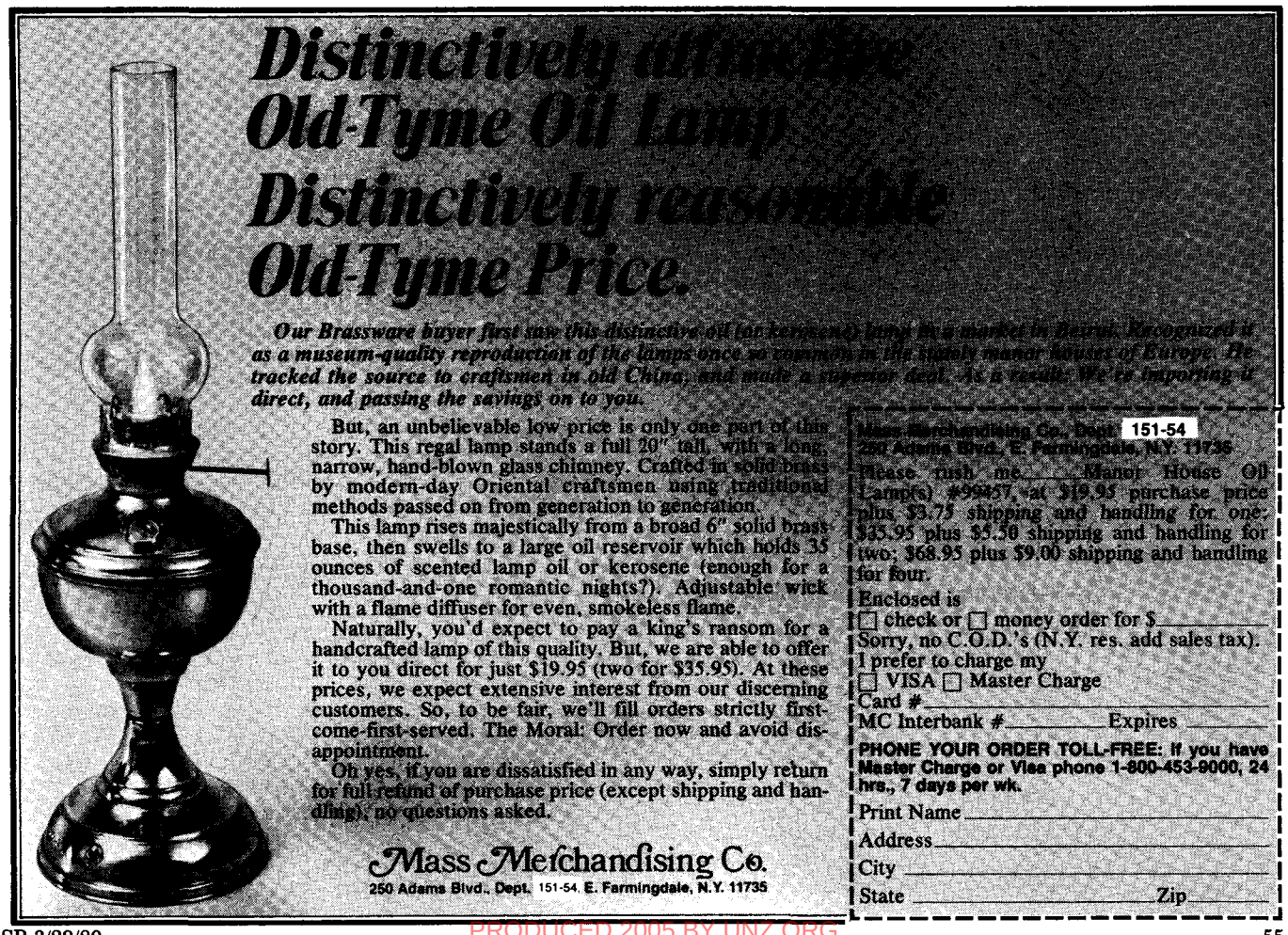
He is lavish in praise of himself, telling the reader of the time he took control of Pontiac and introduced such snappy cars as the Grand Prix and the GTO, and of the time he finally took over the Chevrolet division and not only saved it from disaster but turned it into GM's most profitable division. Yet he has practically nothing but criticism for GM's 14th floor, the eyrie where the out-of-touch corporate moguls sat and met, seemingly only to frustrate De Lorean's brilliant ideas.

To hear De Lorean tell it, it is amazing the company was able to function at all during the Sixties and early Seventies. According to the author, the men at GM were mainly stupid, vain, arrogant, even childish.

One executive, for example, was sent home from work one day because he was wearing a brown suit. And Pete Estes, who later became a GM president, once burst into De Lorean's hotel room demanding to know why he was not met at the airport. My favorite story is the account of the pains some minions took to keep their boss happy while he was traveling. The executive liked to have a refrigerator stocked with beer, fruit, and sandwiches in his hotel room wherever he went, so he could have a late night snack. At one hotel, the room's doorway was too narrow to accommodate a refrigerator, and so a crane was put on the roof, the windows were taken out, and the refrigerator was hoisted into the room.

It is small wonder to De Lorean that men capable of that kind of nonsense would blow so many important decisions. Selling a car they knew to be unreasonably dangerous (the Corvair) was unconscionable. That miscalculation was later compounded, first by nixing "Bunkie" Knudsen's suggestion for a $15 improvement which would have made the car safe, and then by trying to shoot the messenger—i.e., discredit Ralph Nader—who blew the whistle on the car. (There was grim poetic justice on the 14th floor for such behavior. Several top executives lost children and other relatives in Corvair crashes.)

De Lorean recounts other monumental blunders. Failing to recall Chevrolets with poor motor mounts until ordered by the government to do so,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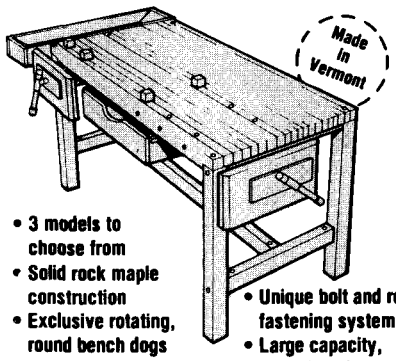

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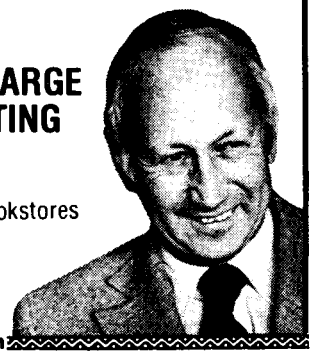

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thereby ushering in an era of government-ordered recalls; refusing to enter the small-car market until very late in the game, simply because profits are bigger on bigger cars; forcing executives to make illegal political contributions to favored candidates; constantly postponing key decisions until past deadline, resulting in huge cost overruns and shoddy production. "If you got a GM car built in the first 60 days of production, it was often a quality disaster," says De Lorean.

There is much in the book that is illuminating and even frightening about America's largest corporation, but much of it is marred by the author's need to settle old scores. He blames the public-relations department for leaking a memo that hurt his career; takes countless shots at Roger Kyes, his boss; poor mouths even those executives who were his mentors.

But his vendettas aside, De Lorean has produced a rare glimpse inside a most powerful corporation and the picture is enough to disturb the most ardent capitalist.

William G. Flanagan's How to Beat the Financial Squeeze *will be published by Doubleday in the late spring.*

Books in Brief

The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America
by Nat Hentoff
Delacorte Press, 340 pp., $9.95

"A FEW PROSECUTIONS of the most prominent offenders would have a wholesome effect in restoring the integrity of the process. Not a general prosecution, for that would look like persecution; but a selected one." No, that wasn't Spiro Agnew speaking. Or Joe McCarthy. It was President Thomas Jefferson, boiling over at Federalist critics.

Thus it is perhaps unsurprising that, as polls periodically reveal, many Americans now are willing to subvert the First Amendment, while many others seem unaware of their own rights to free speech. To change some minds and awaken others, journalist Nat Hentoff here delivers a historical sermon on the evolution of and continuing threats to the "first freedom."

The author's unfailingly lucid narrative runs from the 1735 trial of John Peter Zenger, which established truth as a defense against charges of seditious libel, to the 1979 Supreme Court decision in *Herbert* v. *Lando*, which opened journalists to questions about their states of mind when writing stories. Sympathetic to the "absolutist" libertarianism of the late William O. Douglas, Hentoff is comprehensive and usually convincing, especially when discussing contemporary controversies such as *Herbert*, Nazi marches in Skokie, the ongoing obscenity debate, and the "fairness doctrine" for radio and television.

Hentoff focuses primarily on arguments made to and by the Supreme Court. He says relatively little about the context in which the Court operates; one could not tell from his book that, as Mr. Dooley observed, the Supreme Court often follows the election returns. Nevertheless, with its forcefulness, conciseness, and jargon-free clarity, this book illuminates an important subject.

—LUTHER SPOEHR

Rounds
by Frederick Busch
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 244 pp., $9.95

FREDERICK BUSCH'S deeply moving novel probes the harrowed lives of two middle-aged couples struck by recent tragedy. Eli and Gwen Silver have lost their young son in an automobile accident. Phil and Annie Sorenson have just been through their second miscarriage. Faced with a childless void, each pair must overcome the inevitable, stalking demons—the compulsive guilt, the overriding urge to fix blame, the gnawing sense of insufficiency—that bar them from the therapeutic restitution of their selves and the necessary redefinition of their relationships.

The Silvers and the Sorensons undertake this task in different ways, and Busch's alternation of the telling of their stories enhances his theme. Unable to tolerate her loss, Gwen temporarily deserts Eli, a pediatrician who could not save his own son. Abandoned, he continues his rounds, ministering to the minor complaints of other people's children. Phil and Annie (characters revived from Busch's earlier novel, *Manual Labor*) flee the scene of their trauma, and move from one run-down home to the next, jacking up beams, reframing windows, sanding and scraping in a blitz of activity that assuages their pain. Only later, when Eli locates an orphaned child for the Sorensons, do the separate strains of this strangely musical work coalesce.

The men and women who inhabit the fictions of Frederick Busch have always been an unfortunate lot. They are made to suffer depredations few of us, thankfully, will ever have to bear. Fate repeatedly confounds them, dashing futures, haunting pasts, and yet they endure. Busch *insists* that they survive, and it is their gradual, tentative unfolding, that intensely anguished but determined reassemblage of shattered lives, that makes for such compelling, and continually heartening, reading.

—ALLEN PEACOCK

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COMPETITION NO. 7

Here is one of the most famous parables of Franz Kafka, entitled "Leopards in the Temple":

Leopards break into the temple and drink to the dregs what is in the sacrificial pitchers; this is repeated over and over again; finally it can be calculated in advance, and it becomes a part of the ceremony.

How do you suppose this might have been written by one of the following: Walt Whitman, Joseph Conrad, Henry James, Jane Austen, Jimmy Breslin, T.S. Eliot, Woody Allen, Tom Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway. Parodists may flesh-out the bare bones of Kafka's tale but should never forget that in the judge's esteem brevity occupies a place just beneath that of wit. The three winners will receive $25 plus the Schocken paperback edition of Franz Kafka's *Parables and Paradoxes*.

Entries for Competition No. 7 must be received by April 11, and the winners will be announced in the July 19 issue. Please send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 7, *Saturday Review*, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019. All entries become the property of *Saturday Review*.

Winners of Competition No. 4

You were asked to rewrite some famous poem in the style of Julia A. Moore, "The Sweet Singer of Michigan." We have now read hundreds of thousands of touchingly inept lines and have witnessed the desecration—invited, alas, by ourselves—of the sublimest monuments of English poetry, pitiful victims whose bleeding stumps haunt the fitful dreams of our midnight couch. As Robert Oppenheimer said on a more serious occasion, "We have known sin."

Some poems, of course, had it coming. Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," which we thought had been taken care of years ago, was the favorite of our literary assassins. It should be a long time sprouting again. Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" has no more miles to go before it sleeps: It was the second on the hit list.

Still, we regret the true masterpieces that got vandalized in the general carnage. Thanks to J. Harrison of Montreal, who found another word for "adoration" in Wordsworth's noblest sonnet, we shall probably never be able to read it with a straight face again:

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with constipation ....

As every schoolboy once knew, Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib" begins: "The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold." Not now it doesn't, not after the rewrite by Jerry McVay of Houston: "The Assyrian came down, like the wolf, with a cold." Goodbye, Lord Byron, and thanks.

But, you ask, what has such merriment to do with Julia A. Moore? Nothing at all, dear reader, and there's our problem: Practically all the finalists were light-years ahead of Mrs. Moore in wit, grammar, and meanness of temper.

One entry alone caught not only the manner and spirit of Julia but also her faintly morbid savoring of calamity (she wrote one poem about someone's choking to death on roast beef). First prize, then, to Peter Larsen of Lakeview Terrace, California. On reflection, though, we judged his poem to be, however accurate as parody, on a tragedy too painfully fresh in memory to appear in this space (it can be seen in our office during business hours). In its stead, here is the opening of Julia's "Ashtabula Disaster":

Have you heard of the dreadful fate
  Of Mr. P.P. Bliss and wife?
Of their death I will relate,
  And also others lost their life.

In the other winners we found, if little of Julia, much of merit. Second prize to Lysander Kemp of South Harwich, Massachusetts, who aimed at Frost's "Mending Wall":

When April thaws upheave the land,
  It takes a heap of labor
To mend the wall between myself
  And my besotted neighbor.
Although the stones have many shapes
  For balancing on walls,
He always says, "They look like loaves."
  I always answer, "Balls."
We end with such a mess, it seems
  As if we left our senses,
Which only proves what people say:
  Good neighbors make good fences.

Finally, partly out of a desire to let you see what we have been going through, we award third prize to Vera Yutis of Newark, Delaware, for what appears to be a mockery of Poe's "Raven."

Once upon a midnight spooky
  while I wondered whether Snoopy
Was scared of sleeping, always sleeping,
  on his doghouse in the yard,
Came a knocking, knock-knock-knocking
  on the front door, very hard.
It was Linus, little Linus,
  from the strip by Charles M. Schulz,
Only him and nothing more.
  (Still, I had a rapid pulz.)

One year of *Poetry* to all three winners.

—**Edited by Clarence Brown**

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 151

JOKE AT KP QUALNKS?

K IJKNMATO JOYXQ,

AET CYID CNQBAED,

KPI JAE AET TYRX.

—TKSRQX E. VYXQNAILQ

Wit Twister No. 163

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

When clogged with flotsam from the
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ scene,
The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ of the
  heart and mind run slow.
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ clear streams of
  thought to wash them clean!
Keep ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ !
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ for their
  quickening flow.

Jean Showalter
Roanoke, Virginia

Answers next issue

MARCH 15 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 150

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty.

Bernard Shaw

Wit Twister No. 162

dearth, thread, hatred

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 191

(GEORGE) ORWELL:
MY COUNTRY RIGHT OR LEFT

It gives me a faint feeling of sacrilege not to stand ... during "God Save the King." That is childish ... but I would sooner have had that kind of upbringing than be like the ... intellectuals who are so "enlightened" that they cannot understand the most ordinary emotions.

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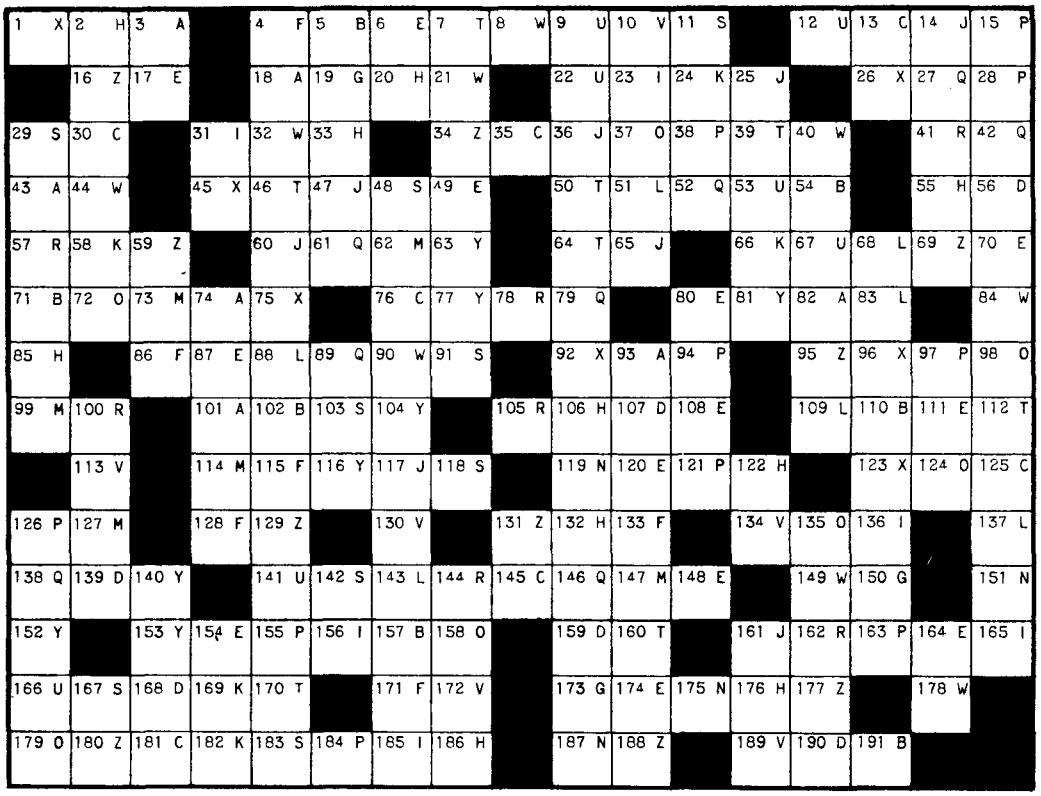
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 192

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 191 appears on page 62.



CLUES	WORDS
A. Come forth	3 18 43 74 82 93 101
B. Least distinct or precise	102 110 157 191 5 54 71
C. Gastronome	76 181 125 145 13 30 35
D. Ritual washing after the offertory in the Mass	56 107 139 159 168 190
E. Japanese shrub having thick leaves and clusters of white, fragrant flowers	70 87 111 148 164 174 6 80 108 154 17 49 120
F. Man whose vineyard was secured for Ahab by Jezebel (I Kings 21)	133 171 86 115 128 4
G. Newt	19 150 173
H. Deep-bodied, black-banded food fish of the U.S. Atlantic coast	176 2 20 33 55 85 106 122 132 186
I. Remove from political office by election, force, or legal action	136 156 165 185 23 31
J. Gives in great amounts	60 117 47 161 14 25 36 65
K. City of Apulia, Italy, noted for baroque architecture	169 182 24 58 66
L. Imaginative projection of one's consciousness into another being	68 109 143 51 83 137 88
M. Inspect, esp. formally or officially	99 127 62 73 147 114
N. Melville's sequel to *Typee*	119 151 175 187
O. "As killing as the canker to ___" (2 wds.; Milton, "Lycidas")	37 72 98 124 135 158 179
P. Jiffy, half a sec	97 15 38 163 94 126 155 184 121 28
Q. American banker, patron of the arts (1867–1934; *Of Many Things;* full name)	61 146 27 89 52 138 42 79
R. Inflatable emergency life jacket (2 wds.)	162 57 78 105 144 100 41
S. Going beyond in quantity, degree, etc.	103 142 183 29 48 91 167 118 11
T. Most destitute	39 46 170 7 64 112 160 50
U. Manage, supervise	9 67 141 12 166 53 22
V. Refuse	10 113 134 172 130 189
W. Go for, let fly at (2 wds.)	8 84 40 32 21 178 90 44 149
X. Because of (2 wds.)	26 123 92 45 75 1 96
Y. Zealous, impassioned	77 63 81 140 116 152 104 153
Z. Not subject to (an obligation, liability, etc; 2 wds.)	59 180 177 34 95 16 188 69 129 131

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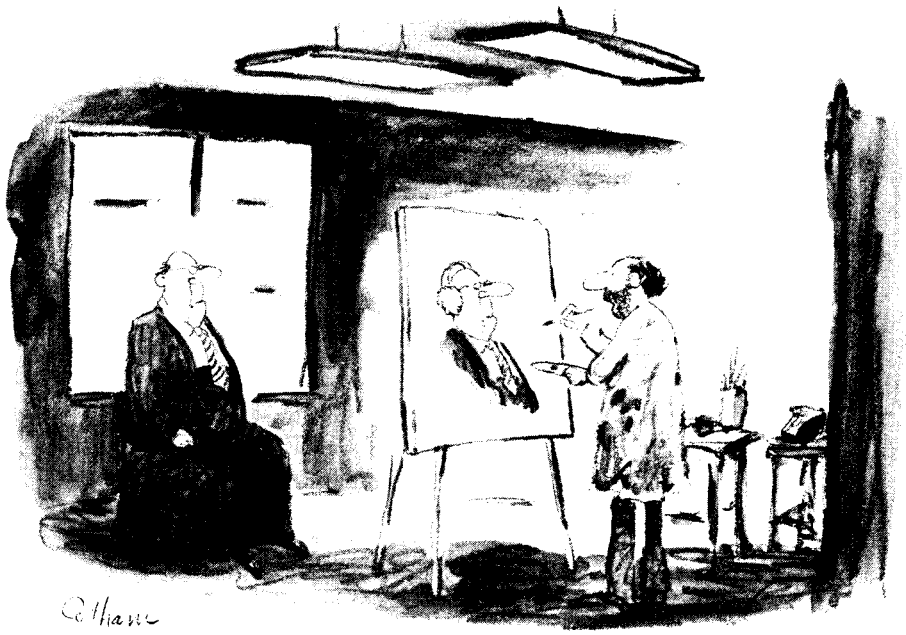
The Ugly America

THERE IS NO more grievous issue in the United States than prison reform. All agree that the problems—overcrowding, understaffing, dilapidated facilities, violence between prisoners, untrained guards—are grave. Yet nothing gets done. Politicians duck the subject or argue piously that school budgets should not be cut to give criminals comfort. Philanthropists prefer more popular "positive" causes. Journalists largely eschew the story because, first, it never changes and, second, nobody wants to read about it. The conditions of our prisons, like those of state mental hospitals, embarrass us. In the America of our dreams, there are no such ugly places. If we shut our eyes, we think, the problems will vanish.

Then a prison explodes somewhere—in Santa Fe or Attica—and we read with grisly fascination the accounts of murder, mutilation, mayhem. A few well-meaning editorialists reiterate that something must be done. That something usually turns out to be the formation of a commission, a blue-ribbon panel, to investigate the violence, and its report, issued months afterward, confirms the gravity of the problems and recommends substantial expenditures to solve them. And again nothing gets done. Legislative initiatives peter out, bond issues get voted down, local residents of prospective prison sites complain that their communities will be destroyed by the proximity of criminals. And the issue, momentarily out of sight, drops out of mind until the next catastrophe, when the cycle begins again.

It has been said that one can judge the character of a nation by its prisons. Lacking any familiarity with foreign versions, I wouldn't know. But I am certain that one can learn a great deal about Americans from our attitude toward prisons.

The underlying problem with America's prisons is not that Americans mean to be cruel. Indeed, our bigheartedness is one of our proudest attributes. We like to think of the New Deal and the Marshall Plan as reflective of the American spirit. Disaster relief is among our most gratifying national pastimes. Nowhere else in the world has philanthropy become such big business. In our heart of hearts, we suspect that we are the most decent, generous people ever to grace the earth. Sure, we have shortcomings. Other nations, for instance, spend more on the arts and enjoy lower crime and infant mortality rates, but we ascribe such unpalatable facts either to our bigness or to our rugged individualism or to our hospitality to immigrants or to—anything, other than a shortage of good intentions.



"You have the ugliest ears I have ever seen, so I've take the liberty of adding earmuffs."

History, as it is taught in schools, confirms our high opinions of ourselves. From the Pilgrims onward, it seems, God has taken an interest in our case. God fed us in a strange land. He stood by us as we snatched our liberty from tyrants. He inspired the framers of our Constitution. Other nations pursued imperialist policies; the United States, like Joan of Arc, bowed to its "manifest destiny." We recall as growing pains those shameful or disquieting episodes in our past that we cannot ignore or varnish. The American character, beset though it may be with bad policies, leaders, or luck, nonetheless has continued to march on, as innocent and well meaning as Jimmy Stewart.

Such self-flattery is not unique to Americans. The Soviets depict their land-grabs as obedience to no less lofty ideals. However, one disadvantage of a democracy, as compared to an oligarchy, is that in a democracy a citizen personally shares responsibility for his government's actions. A Soviet citizen who disapproved of the invasion of Afghanistan could reassure himself that his leaders were to blame. If the United States had invaded Iran, all Americans would have been to blame, individually and collectively.

Given our high self-esteem and our inherited social conscience, it is not surprising that most Americans prefer to ignore the uglier aspects of our national life. We have learned to drive past burnt-out city blocks without noticing, and to read accounts of prison riots as if they were news from abroad. Because if we did notice, if we did admit that yes, this too is America, our sleep would be haunted and our comfortable confidence in American goodness would be seriously undermined.

Many countries have harsh prisons, far harsher, I am told, than ours. But those countries have not set themselves up as model defenders of human rights or as abjurers of punishments cruel or unusual. Their abominable prisons may be consistent with their political philosophy. Ours are not. Unpleasant though it may be, we must stop ignoring what is ugly, admit and address our imperfections. For if history teaches anything, it is that those who ignore their angry throngs are not ignored *by* them. The crowds who were enjoined to eat cake made meals of their masters.

—Carll Tucker

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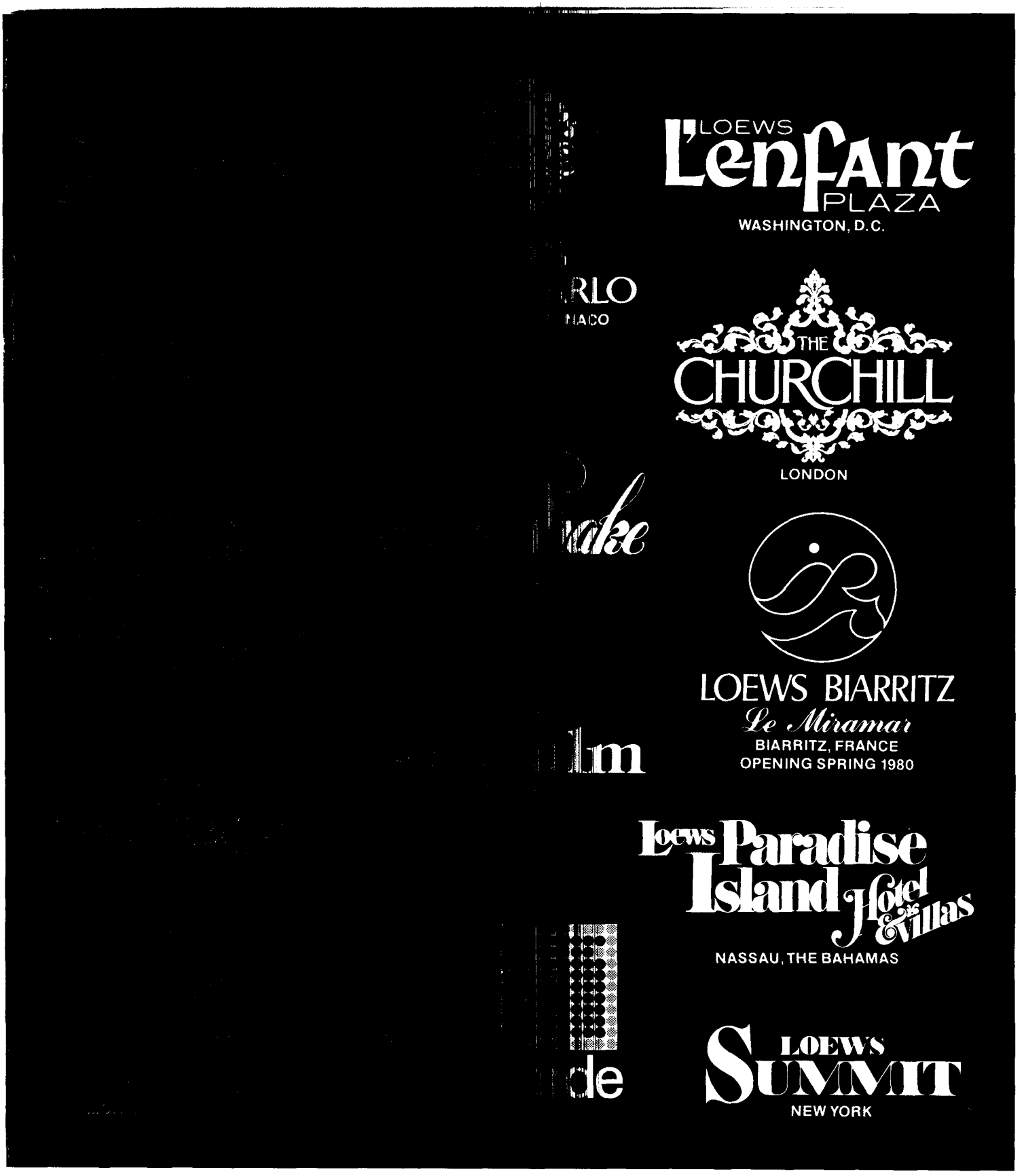

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